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W. H. Taft--the Manner of Man He Is

By Albert Edward Allman

At last report Wm. H. Taft, heavyweight candidate for the Republican nomination for president, weighed some few pounds less than three hundred and was still going some. Coupled with this was the information that it was practically certain that he would receive the endorsement of his state despite an opposition that was strong in the beginning. Neither dieting or opposition keeps Mr. Taft down.

A good mother, in the gentleness of her heart, shortened the secretary's name to "Will." It is applied to him by other members of his family, the president and intimate friends, but no one outside of this circle has ever called him anything other than "Bill." "Bill" is expressive of his character; it fits him as well as the big chairs of the big office he has occupied for the good of his country.

In Cincinnati, if you should use the prefix "mister" in speaking of Secretary Taft, you would be looked upon as an intruder in the Buckeye state, for there he is known and known only, as "Bill." If you should venture to call him "Will" or "Willie," you would receive such a full measure of scorn that you would be driven to the muddy depths of the limpid Ohio. So you see the city and state know their Taft and have an affection for him that is a monument to his past performances.

While Mr. Taft may not be as light as a young gazelle, or sylphlike in his proportions, he has accomplished in the half century of his life what has fallen to the hands of few men. In the even tenor of his executive way, he has taken task after task upon his broad and ample shoulders and carried them to a successful conclusion. In the words of an ardent admirer, "He has filled the bill every time."

And what manner of man is this Wm. H. Taft, who slowly but surely, has won the respect and regard of his countrymen. He is not strenuous according to our modern definition, but he is a tireless worker and there must be something doing fifty-two weeks in the year to keep him busy. He has been noted for his attention to even the smallest details of his work and he has a broad sympathy that brings him in close touch with the various situations with which he has had to deal. What do you think of a man, with a giant's task ahead of him in the Philippines, taking the time to study the people and writing a letter like this? It was written in 1900, and is published for the first time.

"The Filipino people are full of music. It is their one national occupation. Every Filipino plays on some instrument, and their family meetings are nothing but little family soirees. They have no conservatory of music here. They are people who are easily touched by comparatively small things. If after McKinley's election, I could announce on behalf of a certain number of Americans that they would contribute one hundred thousand dollars to the founding of a Filipino conservatory of music, I cannot exaggerate the good effect that this would have, especially if we named it the Rizal Conservatory. Rizal was a man much given to music. I have no doubt that the Filipinos, many of whom are wealthy, would contribute a substantial fund, and that we might establish the beginning of an institution which would start an art dear to the hearts of these people."

Taft is an impressive and agreeable figure. His mighty bulk goes well with his height, his wide square shoulders, massive bones and big strong head. Beneath the full, broad forehead jutting out at the brow, there rises a great ecquiline nose—a sign of commanding force that is confirmed by the firm strong jaws and aggressive chin. To look at his genial countenance and clear blue eyes would make you like him on the spot, and if you did not call him "Bill," you would like to. His personality would impress you and make you a friend at first hand. In summing up your judgment of his character you would say that he was a man who would rather laugh than fight. Perhaps he would, but when the occasion arrived you would know that the Taft blood is of the fighting quality and that the word "surrender" is not in the vocabulary of the present secretary of war.

Taft was born a fighter and comes of fighting stock. When he was but seventeen he stood five feet and nine inches, weighed one hundred and ninety pounds and had legs like a bullock. He made his first public appearance by thrashing the editor of a newspaper who had slandered his father, Judge Alphonso Taft, later attorney general of the United States. Like all his undertakings in later life, the boy Taft accomplished his work well, and the scribe with the vitriolic pen was seized with writer's cramp whenever he struck the letter "T" in his editorial outputs.

At Yale young Taft quickly acquired his place as a leader. This did not come to him through strength or aggressiveness. His personality made him one of the best liked of his class, and the big, good natured youth found himself forced into a position of student prominence that left him no choice. With jolly indifference he took his share of hazing that is the due of all freshmen, but on one occasion, when the treatment smacked of brutality, young Taft smote the tormentors in such goodly fashion that they retired for repairs. It is also told of him that at Savin Rock, a watering place near New Haven, he took up the cudgels for a fellow student again. "Bill" was in bathing with others, who had escaped from the Yale campus, and coming out of the water sat down patiently to chew out the knots tied in his garments by youthful jokers. A poorer classmate, upon preparing to dress, discovered that his clothes had been shamefully torn and burst into tears. Young Taft promptly rose, searched out the misguided joker and administered a drubbing that changed that person's previous conceptions of humor. While devoting much time to athletics, young Taft found full time for study. He graduated second in a class of one hundred and twenty-one, and was salutatorian and class orator.

Leaving college, young Taft took up the study of law to follow in the footsteps of his distinguished father. While studying, he worked as a reporter for the Cincinnati Times, and later the Cincinnati Commercial. He was appointed assistant county prosecuting attorney. Later as junior counsel for the Bar association of his state, he busied himself in trying for the scalp of the notorious "Tom" Campbell, a corrupt lawyer and political boss of that time. Next he was appointed collector of internal revenue for the First district of Ohio, a most important position, which he resigned shortly because of his desire to return to his practice. During his retirement he became county solicitor and was next appointed judge of the superior court of Ohio, a position his father had occupied for some ten or fifteen years before. As a judge, Taft was fearless, and it was soon learned that when he once made up his mind nothing could alter it. He was almost thirty when he married Helen H. Herron, daughter of a leader of the Ohio bar; he waited until he could properly support a wife. Today he is the father of a girl and two boys, one of whom, Robert Alphonso, recently won signal honors in his sophomore year at Yale.

In turn he was solicitor general, 1890-2, and United States circuit judge from 1892 to 1900. He was dean and professor in the law department of the University of Cincinnati during the four years following 1896. With his appointment to the United States Philippine commission and his subsequent work the country is well acquainted. Through it all as pacifier, tactician, referee, judge, diplomat and statesman, Taft has come without tarnish to the Taft name. He has been jolly and ever good-natured under the most trying circumstances. In the whirl of his kaleidoscopic career he has found time to cultivate easy social graces, which has made him popular with women. It is not often one finds a "man's man" and a "woman's man" in the same person.

Despite the many offices he has occupied Taft is almost free from political ambitions. He has "a judicial-administrative order of mind," as one critic has said of him, and his one great ambition is to be a member of the supreme court of the United States. Taft would rather have that job than sit in the presidential chair, and his good mother, who has ever been his mentor, has the same ambition for him. Yet, when the chance came for him to fulfill his highest ambition he refused to accept it. Everybody knows that Mr. Taft turned down an appointment to the supreme court because he believed that a change of governors of the Philippines at that particular time would result in injury to the islands and in forfeiture of the confidence of the Filipinos, who would not understand the reasons for his recall. On two other occasions, according to inside history which is absolutely correct, Mr. Taft refused the same position.

It is said that President Roosevelt is for Taft because the latter will follow the Roosevelt policy. Let it be said here and now that Roosevelt may be for Taft, but Taft will not be for Roosevelt if the latter is wrong. Taft is no man's megaphone. He will fight for the Roosevelt doctrines if he believes they are right, but in the doing of it he will hake them Taft doctrines and fight for them in the Taft way. He is a greater man than Theodore Roosevelt in that he is not impulsive. He thinks for himself, and when "Bill" Taft concludes that he is right all hades cannot change his course. Taft, if it is the will of his country, as President will be the executive of no party or class, but everybody's President.

Today he stands out as the most logical candidate for the Republican nomination. The country respects and trusts his ability and integrity. He is a statesman of stainless name, unshakable independence, and creative and administrative abilities that have won admiration throughout the world.

An Expensive Compliment.

"Excuse me, sir, but this is the sixth time that you have gone away without paying."

"Oh, my dear young lady, when a man sees you he forgets everything else."—Translated for Transatlantic Tales from Fliegende Blatter.

EARTHQUAKE UNDER SEA

Effect Upon Fish of Destruction of Minute Plant and Animal Life.

Far below the surface of the sea the earthquakes make as much commotion as on terra firma. The latest volcanic eruption of Vesuvius was observed with respect to its effects in the Gulf of Naples by Dr. Salvatore Lo Bioneo. The day before the eruption, says the Chicago Tribune, not a sardine was to be caught in the neighborhood, although it was the height of the sardine season, for by some sixth sense the fish seemed to know of the impending disaster.

The spawning of fishes was retarded; oysters, clams and their kin were killed, and there was great mortality among other types. Fishes that frequent deep waters were somewhat protected from conditions prevailing at the surface and escaped death, but evidently they were thrown into a panic that caused them to leave their natural hunting grounds, for men fishing from small boats caught species which never had been brought up before except by a special deep water dredge.

The minute plants and animals comprising plankton, which form the main food supply of many of the marine animals, were largely destroyed to a depth of ten fathoms, and as a consequence the scarcity of the food caused the death of the fish to such an extent that in Sardinia the fishing industry practically was ruined.

One of the most curious effects of the shower of cinders was to cause certain animals to throw off all appendages in the endeavor to protect themselves. The lobster is one of the familiar animals that adopts the philosophical plan of giving up much to save more, and when caught will automatically detach a claw and leave it in the hands of its captor in order to escape with the rest of its corporeal entity.

The serpent starfish adopts the same policy in time of danger, and as it is exceptionally well provided with arms, its chances of escape by autonomy are correspondingly increased. When the shower of cinders descended into their world the animals accustomed to this mode of defense responded to the disturbance in the usual way, by throwing off their appendages, repeating the process as the irritation continued until they were completely dismembered.

A SEASHORE BAND.

Have you listened to a band
Play on the shore
There upon a covered stand
Mid ocean's groar?
They will mangle song and dance
To a degree
That you think you'd like to chance
Felo de se!
Andante, a little slow.
They commence,
Then some bars adagio
With tone intense!
Piccolo takes up the air,
Dolcemente.
Flute, of course, must have its share,
Piu lente.
Trumpets, too, will have their fling,
Fortissimo!
Now together with a swing,
Bravissimo!
Clash the cymbals, bang the drum
Con fragoe.
Every instrument has some
Of the glory!
In a smashing, fiendish row
All is over.
And the leader makes his bow.
Quite in clover!
Yes, of every Summer ill
With which we're cursed,
This completely fills the bill,
'Tis far the worst!
—New Haven Palladium.

Big Risks on Honesty

BUSINESS OF THE BONDING COMPANIES

"We are not gamblers, but business men operating a sure thing," replied an official of one of the large bonding companies recently when asked if the money of the company was not risked solely on the assumption that most men are honest. "We absolutely know that we are on the safe side," he continued; "we know that 999 men out of 1,000 are honest. Of course, not all the surety bond companies succeed, not all can make profits. This, however, is because they are not properly managed. The business itself is built on bed-rock—on unalterable human honesty."

Not blindly, however, do these bonding companies put their trust in men—and back it with their dollars. The officials of these companies are specialists in the analysis and judging of human nature. They are practical psychologists.

To make an application to one of these companies for a bond is to foretaste judgment day. You must throw open your book of life and let all its pages be scanned. Not only you, but your relatives, enemies, friends, employers past and present—all who have knowledge of you—must answer questions cunningly calculated to yield information concerning your past life and the character resultant from that life. You are, in a word, caught up by a complex and elaborate machine, built up after years of experimenting—and are not released until every shred of information possible to be extracted from you has been garnered.

So essentially important is it to the surety bond companies that they should possess reliable data on all that concerns modern human character, so that they may wisely frame their questions to applicants, and judge the applicants, that there is now a movement among them to hold a joint conference on the subject. They wish to exchange their experiences, debate their various theories, and, in short, go as far as they can toward the formation of a definite set of rules for their guidance in the misty and complex maze—the religion of human nature—in which they adventure their fortunes as the merchants of old times risked their argosies in unknown seas.

There is already in existence an institution which might be termed a clearing house of human character—a company in Philadelphia which the surety companies support, and to which they send their reports of their experiences and methods, these reports being exchanged among the companies. What the companies seek is nothing short of absolute standards of honesty. They confess that they are still far distant from the ideal.

How, actually, do they now judge their applicants for bonds? Who are the honest men, according to these practical judges of honesty? Are married men, for instance, as a class more honest than single men?—city dwellers than countrymen?—college men than the less formally educated?—native born than foreign citizens? The list may be indefinitely extended, but the consideration of these questions will throw light on the subject, and to some of them definite answers can be furnished.

To many others definite answers cannot be given. The accurate judging of the qualities and circumstances which complicate the question of a man's actual or potential honesty is a big, hard job—and none are readier to admit this fact than the surety company officials themselves. So many complex considerations affect the problem! You can't dissect a man's soul as you may his body. You can't count and name his impulses, emotions, temptations as you may his nerves and his muscles.

Here, however, are some of the general conclusions which the surety company people have arrived at.

Broadly speaking, a married man is a better risk than a single man. He is more settled. He has a greater sense of responsibility. He is more stable. And yet, too, there are many disadvantages. He may have too many children to support, having regard to the amount of his salary. His wife may be extravagant. Or he may have invalids among his family, the care of whom increases his expenses. Thus the very duties which call upon the manhood of those on whom they devolve, may, by becoming too onerous, break down the barriers of honesty.

Is he a college man? Or is he not? Well, it makes little difference, speaking broadly, with the surety people, so far as his honesty is concerned. But he was an athlete at college. A point in his favor. His physical condition, his stamina, is apt to be good, which decidedly "helps some" in the preservation of his moral strength.

Government employes — federal, state, county or city officials are not as safe risks as the employes of private concerns or individuals. The trouble is that so many public officers are place hunters, spoilsmen, politicians seeking to feather their own nests rather than to be faithful to their obligations.

You are a foreign-born citizen? The fact in itself is not against you. But if your family and friends are living abroad; if you have stuck no roots into this soil by marriage or by having your family here, then it may be that some day the affliction of that very ill, nostalgia, homesickness, may come to you and drive you back to your own land—with somebody else's money.

Countryman or city man—all's one to the surety people, provided that in either case environment, friends, family and standing are good. Suppose, however, that you live near a race track where the bacillus of temptation to bet is in the air—or in a pool room neighborhood—then the surety people consider that fact in your disfavor.

I suppose that you have heard (what is quite true), that there are newspaper reporters who develop what is termed the "sense, or nose, for news" until it reaches a degree almost incredible—a veritable sixth sense, an instinct; they become able to "smell news" from afar, as an experienced Arctic sailor can smell distant ice. Well, some of the surety bond officials develop their keenness of judgment of character until it is akin to the newspaper man's "news sense"—until it reaches a pitch almost uncanny. They read faces as no professional physiognomist ever does. They trace character in handwriting. They become unconscious mind readers—their gift is intuition rather than reason.—Moody's Magazine.

The Man With the Opals

By Austin Fryers

CHAPTER I.

The steamship Doric, one of the Pacific liners, was under weigh at Port Lyttleton for Honolulu. Captain Rutherford was on the bridge watching with an experienced eye the few final arrangements progressing speedily under the disciplined efforts of the crew.

Little remained to be done the cargo was stowed away, the luggage on board; the last passenger, as all thought him, had ascended the gangway in flying leaps, his kit being thrown after him, to the amusement of the little crowd of idlers on the quay and passengers on deck. The Doric was about to let go, when a sudden commotion on shore attracted Captain Rutherford's attention.

Glancing swiftly in its direction he saw something, and saw it evidently with displeasure, which caused him to signal the suspension of the casting-off arrangements. The passengers on the upper deck were soon able to discern the cause of the halt, but those below could not see it, as the crowd on the quay was in the way.

It was no unusual incident; it only meant that the last passenger had yet to come on board. The captain's displeasure, however, did not arise from the inconvenience of the delay so much as from the fact that this addition promised to be an undesirable one. But in these faraway latitudes discipline wears its red tape loosely; and Captain Rutherford was not the man to leave a fellow adrift because he had bidden his old friends farewell with unwise fervor.

The approaching passenger was, to all appearances, unable to stand upright, and was supported on either side by a lusty friend, both of whom had rendered him the useful service of creating a commotion by vigorous shouting and wild gesticulations which now and then threatened to bring the trio to an ignoble heap on the ground; for his supporters were only a little less helplessly drunk than the hero of the incident.

"Bright looking lot!" growled the captain to Leslie Anson, one of the passengers, who was standing beside the bridge, and who felt strongly tempted to regard the whole affair with amusement.

"Been on the spree, I suppose," said Anson with a shrug, turning away and hiding a smile because Estelle Charters, the daughter of the first officer, who was passing hastily to her cabin with a look of disgust on her pretty face, would have seen it. When she had disappeared from view Anson, with the natural deceit of his sex in its attitude towards matters which women cannot be expected to understand, leaned over the side and was soon in evident sympathy with the ridiculing, jibing crowd on the quay.

"All right, governor," shouted back one of the trio in a rollicking voice, thickened by fatigue and drink.

They were a remarkable trio. Some men get quarrelsome in their cups; some, more fortunate, only get sleepy; others, most fortunate of all, are really happy. Two of the three were really drunk and obviously happy; the impending passenger was sleepy. Had his companions dropped him he would have rolled over in the gutter and snored contentedly.

"Where is he going?" thundered Captain Rutherford.

"Hon'lulu!" replied the speaker of the trio. "It's al'right, Gov., he's only been saying good-bye."

"Fetch him aboard," growled the captain to the sailors who were standing by the gangway.

Two of their number rushed down, and taking their cue from the captain's tone—accentuating its import as all subordinantes do—seized the stranger roughly, and dragged him limp and ungainly on to the deck.

"Y' 'aven't got his bag!" shouted his more vigorous friend who was rolling on the quay, having lost the ballast of the load he had been helping to drag.

A street wastrel, who had been unnoticed till then, was standing by the gangway with a black leather portmanteau on his shoulder.

"Bring it aboard!" shouted the captain.

"No fear," responded the urchin saucily, "I don't want a holiday;" a sally which the crowd on the quay, who had been hilarious all through, received with a shout of laughter.

But the crew of the Doric were prompt in action, and this was not a matter for parleying. Before the laugh had reached its fullest volume one of them rushed down the gangway and seized the bag. In a few moments the gangway was withdrawn, the sirens had shrieked, chains were rattling, and a thrill ran through the Doric. In yet another few moments it had begun to widen the distance between it and the quay; the voyage had commenced.

The friends of the new-comer were shouting "good-byes" and "good lucks" from the quay; the crowd, who had taken it as a joke, entering heartily into the spirit of it; so that he had a send-off which almost amounted to a demonstration. The passengers on board had tacitly agreed to accept the incident with amused toleration, and were at heart not displeased at such a vigorous break in the monotonous routine of the voyage.

But the object of it all lay on deck, propped up against a couple of bales, sleeping peacefully; the crew being as yet too busy to take him below. He was a huge man with the chest of a giant. The face, which was now drooping over it in the helplessness of a drunken sleep, was equally huge, exceptionally red, and unusually good humored—jolly, one might almost say—in expression. He was beyond the middle height, and was undoubtedly a man of powerful physique. His hair, peeping out from under a slouch hat worn well down on his head, was of a vivid red tint which harmonized well with his unusual complexion and intensified, if possible, its good-humored aspect.

Now that the steamer was away from the intrusive noise of the quay, he seemed pathetically human. The passengers coming round in little knots to look at him had already forgiven him. The eloquent appeal of his manacled strength and latent good humor conquered them. Even Estelle Charters, coming on deck at length, went like the rest to look at him, and smiled. In fact, when she met Anson a few steps further on, and caught his eye, she could not resist it and laughed outright.

CHAPTER II.

The new passenger kept to his cabin during the two days succeeding his coming on board. He might have got over his big drunk had he been so disposed, but it was rumored that with the help of the stewards he seemed bent on reaching Honolulu in a state similar to that in which he came aboard. He was, however, almost forgotten by the passengers, as he had not been seen and had only been casually heard of since his coming aboard.

Miss Charters was gazing over the bow of the steamer at the foam driven in varying shapes with ever-changing effect through the clear green water, that most idle and most interesting occupation of everyone on a sea voyage.

Leslie Anson espied her as he came along the deck smoking a cigaret, and throwing the half-consumed cigaret into the sea, he joined her.

"I suppose you will be glad to get back to England, Miss Charters?" said he, leaning on the rail at her side, and following her gaze after the sparkling foam in the green abyss beneath them.

She shrugged her shoulders slightly, and was silent for a moment. Then she laughed lightly, and looking at him with an expression of playful embarrassment, said:

"I suppose I ought to be glad, but I really don't seem to care. If my father were only satisfied with his position, I should be perfectly content myself and then—Well, I don't think I should care much what part of the world we were in."

"He has been telling me about his hard luck," said Anson, a note of sympathy in his tone, and I can quite understand his feeling his subordinate position keenly."

"You know I don't agree with him," interposed Estelle, briskly. "My father was very lucky in getting a ship and very unfortunate in losing it on his first voyage through the fault of his first lieutenant. Still, to be exonorated as he was, and to become first officer under such an excellent chief as Captain Rutherford, should more than make amends."

"But it is hard to get out of old grooves, Miss Charters; and I fear that your father must be No. 1 at all times, or he will chafe at the limitation——"

"And as one's father must always be right, I suppose I ought to be glad that we are going back to England where he is determined to forswear the sea, and enter into competition with land-lubbers. I expect I'm a trifle selfish in not looking forward to it with unqualified pleasure, but as a matter of fact, I love the sea. I am always far happier at sea than on land. But you, Mr. Anson, you are glad, I suppose, to be going home?"

"Yes, I am. I have been away now for nearly six years and have gained nothing but a toughened skin, a seasoned constitution, and a very varied experience."

"You have been all the time in New Zealand?"

"No, I spent the first year in Australia picking up experience and trying to determine which was the best line on which to strike out."

"I suppose it would be quite rude of me to ask you what you have been doing?"

"Neither rude nor risky, I can assure you, and I should regard your curiosity as a very pleasant compliment."

Both laughed gaily, and Anson leaned leisurely on the bulwarks as he playfully assumed a studious aspect with a mock endeavor to approach his task seriously.

"To begin at the beginning!" he resumed, "I had a rather good time of it as a boy; plenty of pocket money, and good horses to ride and drive. When I was sent to a public school I was able to lord it with the best of them and had every temptation—which I hope I resisted—to become an unmitigated little snob."

"I am sure you never could have been that, Mr. Anson," said Estelle involuntarily and with an unnecessary earnestness which caused the healthy color on her cheeks, whipped into a bright pink by the sharp sea breezes, to assume a still deeper tinge.

Anson was considerably pleased by this sincere homage, but he was too tactful to show it or to give a hint of the fact that he had detected the pretty embarrassment into which its avowal had thrown Estelle.

"I think I really did escape that," said he, resuming his narrative with unconcern, "because I was genuinely popular with all the boys whose good opinion I cared for. Then I took up the study of medicine, a vocation for which I have never quite been able to determine whether or no I am well fitted."

"I should scarcely think so," said Estelle. She was evidently a frank young lady, given to the expression of her thoughts. "I should think a more active life would suit you better."

"My inclination certainly favored that view," assented Anson—an arrant courtier who would find it well nigh impossible to disagree with any view to which his pretty companion gave expression. "For when on the death of my father, I learned to my dismay that he had lived all the time on his capital, and had wellnigh exhausted it, I determined to hazard my fortune in a New World."

"That, then, was why you went to Australia?"

"Yes, like an up-to-date Dick Whittington I set out to seek my fortune."

He paused a moment, a smile playing round the corners of his firm, handsome mouth.

"You do not ask me," said he, "if I found it."

"Of course not," she replied. "That, I think, would be a rude question."

"Well, I tried for it in every possible way at any rate. That much I can claim credit for. And I enjoyed my experiences, too, during that rough and tumble search. It was a life of fresh places and queer scenes, mustering sheep on the brown, tussock-dotted plains of Canterbury, New Zealand, and up among the snow-capped dividing ranges; trying at another time to get wheat to grow in Otago and Southland, where only rabbits flourish; then working for gold away among the "races" of the West Coast diggings or the sandy plains of West Australia. In five years I had been in turn farmer, storekeeper, gold digger, gentleman at large, and sailor. And then at last I found my fortune——"

"I knew you would," said Estelle, a bright, pleased look of intense gratification springing to her eyes. "I felt sure that you are one of the sort to command success. How did you do it?"

"I shall have to disappoint you," said Anson, a mischievous twinkle in his eyes. "My fortune came to me in the most unromantic manner—in the shape of a lawyer's letter from England informing me of an inheritance."

Estelle laughed softly. "I am afraid," said she, "the age of romance is passed. You were cut out for a hero, but the proper stage was not provided. You should have stumbled on a nugget just when you were about to abandon your claim in despair, or something of that sort. No, I suppose modern fortunes are only made by corners in pork, daring speculations or government contracts. And now that you are no longer a struggle-for-lifer, what are you going to do?"

"Pick up the thread of my career where it was dropped—resume my medical studies. I must do the only thing I have knowledge of, for I could not bear to be idle——"

"Now that I will believe," she interposed with frank flattery.

"And that is, in a word, my present plan for the future, unless fate in some unexpected manner should shape out a different course for me. Here is Dr. Durand coming along. He has been attending our latest passenger. Why the displeased look? Is it dislike of Dr. Durand, or repugnance of the passenger?"

"Both, I think," said she, laughing, the expression of good humor once more settling on her features. "Dr. Durand might be called Dr. Fell for me. Frankly, I do not like him, but I can give no reason for my dislike; and I would rather not remember the besotted giant downstairs."

"I agree with you about Dr. Durand. He is certainly clever, in fact an able man; but there is something sinister about him. I do not agree with you about our rough diamond downstairs. Hercules is always an accentuated person in his faults and in his virtues, and it is no use judging him by the standard one would apply to Apollo. Ah, Dr. Durant, how is the celebrity in the cabin? I hear you have been attending him."

"Yes," replied Durand; "he had symptoms of delirium tremens this morning, and the captain told me to attend him. I have been with him now again, and have had to resort to strong measures. There is something on his mind, and I thought it necessary to restore him to reason."

Estelle listened, a shade of disgust on her face, but otherwise evinced concern nor interest.

"Have you succeeded in pulling him round?"

"Oh, yes, he was not too far gone for that. I shall see him again in half an hour or so, and then he will be all right."

At that moment the sound of scuffling followed by a deep bellowing noise, came from the bottom of the companion-way. The next moment the unmistakable voice of the strange passenger was heard.

"Durand! Durand! Dr. Durand! Where is he? I must find him at once."

The next moment he came blundering up the steps. A steward tried to detain him, but it was as though a spaniel had tried to arrest the sweep of a mastiff.

CHAPTER III.

When the burly giant, still unsteady in his gait, and much disheveled in appearance, had cleared the companion, he came rolling along like a steam engine towards Durand.

The latter blanched a little as he saw him approach—perhaps his methods to ensure a recovery were not of the mildest—and Leslie Anson, apprehensive of the outcome of the impending experience, placed himself between the giant and Miss Charters, a look of wariness on his strong features.

"Are you the ship's surgeon?" asked the giant, his eyes standing out of his excited red face, his hand large and muscular, but trembling towards Durand.

"Yes," replied the latter, "I am Dr. Durand."

"You—you have pulled me together. I have come to thank you. God bless you; no man could have done me a greater service, if it is not too late to help me. You know me. I am the pasenger who was lying in the cabin with the cursed drink. How long have I been down there? How far are we out from Port Lyttleton? How can I get back?"

"You can't get back——" began Durand, but the words seemed to touch some latent spring of passion in the man. He drew himself up; his muscles stood out, strong and rigid, and the veins swelled on his forehead, and along his sunburnt hands.

"I must go back," he shouted, his roar fetching a group of eager, curious passengers along the deck, who gathered round in knots, wondering what was the matter and what new excitement was in store for them, centering in their strange fellow passenger.

"If I have to swim back I shall go. But tell me—tell me—how long have I been down there, and how far out are we?"

"You must keep cool," said Durand coldly. "Going back to Port Lyttleton is out of the question. You have been in your cabin two days, and you must wait till we reach Honolulu."

"Two days! two days!" moaned the great giant, wringing his hands in the deepest piteousness of despair.

Everyone was sorry for him, as he was unmistakably laboring under some terrible anguish of mind, though as yet he had given no clue to its source.

"Don't give way," said Anson kindly, touching him on the arm. "We are but four days' run from Honolulu and you can ship back by the next boat."

"Four days; and two wasted; and a week to get back! No, I shall not do it; I shall not stand; I must get back now. Where's the captain?"

Captain Rutherford was on the bridge, scowling down at the scene on deck. He was a kindly man of genial disposition, but he was a rigid disciplinarian, and the incident so far, brief as it was, conflicted with his prejudices.

The giant turning his eyes, now bloodshot with excitement, in his direction, saw him. In an instant he was bounding towards him, and a moment later was clambering up the steps onto the bridge.

The scene between the two men as they stood silhouetted against the sky was thrilling. It was evident that the giant met with a rebuff at the outset, but he seemed oblivious of all that, and tried to enforce his point with wild gesticulations and his thunderous voice thick from drink and excitement. Those on deck could only gather from the incoherent words which reached them that he was endeavoring to persuade the captain to put back, and was offering him any terms he chose to name to do it.

"No, no, you maniac! No, I tell you! Here, Charters, Brown, some of you, come and throw this drunken fool off the bridge."

But the giant did not wait for them. With his arms tossing wildly in a frenzy of excitement he rushed along the bridge, leaped down and ran to the foc'sle, where a knot of sailors had gathered, watching the scene and ready to render assistance at the word of the skipper.

"Here, boys," he cried, throwing off one who, in an excess of zeal, had made a grab at him, "you will listen to me; you will have reason, because you are poor men, and I can make you rich, can share thousands of good solid English sovereigns with you if you will help me. Listen to me, I tell you; I know every word I am saying, and I mean every word of it, too. I want you to help me, but I don't ask you to do it for my sake; I want you to do it because it will mean fortunes to you, will set you up in comfort for the rest of your lives. You must man a boat and row me back to Port Lyttleton. Yes, I know it's a stiff job, and a risky job, but it's worth all that and more."

The passengers had crowded round while he had been talking, and Charters and some of the officers had tried to bear down on him, but seizing a deck chair he made a sweep with it which cleared a space round him. There was murder, too, in the glance which he shot round on his audience.

"You will hear me, boys, because it is the one chance of your lives to go home with a fortune and set up comfortable with the best of 'em. You know what state I was in when I came aboard—drunk, stupid, helpless, beastly drunk. And I had been drunk the day previous, fool that I was, although I had with me a fortune. I had slaved and worked and starved for years, and the good luck turned my brain. It must have done to make me act so madly. I got into a house—I can take you to it, boys—but drunk as I was, I knew there would be plenty willing to murder me for that fortune. So I hid it—aye, and no one but myself knows where. But it isn't safe to leave it there. Someone may stumble on it. God, it maddens me to think of the risk I run every minute it remains there. Now, boys, you know what I want—six of you to take a boat and row me back, and there's £1,000 apiece for each of you. More than that, I have money enough by me now to tempt you," and he flourished a bundle of notes as he spoke, "and every penny is yours if you start right away."

There was no mistaking the genuineness of the man. It carried conviction home to every one who listened to him. The sailors fidgeted uneasily; they no longer thought of attacking him, and it was evident that the bait he offered them had roused thoughts within them which stirred them to their very souls. Even the skipper, who had come down from the bridge, had been impressed, and listened intently while the giant poured forth his lava torrent of words.

But when Captain Rutherford read on the faces of his crew the note of irresolution, the spirit of the disciplinarian was roused, and he pushed his way into the forefront and faced the impassioned speaker.

"Now, Mr. Wade," he said with brusque severity, "you're preaching mutiny to my men—that's what it amounts to—and, by heavens, no man shall do that aboard my ship. You know very well I can put you in irons for what you have already done, and I'll do it, too, if it doesn't end right here and now. Come, men, clear off! I'm sorry for your misfortune, Mr. Wade, but to talk of putting back with one of His Majesty's mail boats two days out is arrant rot, and to try and bribe my sailors to desert and commandeer one of my boats is inciting to mutiny, and don't you forget it."

There was the unmistakable ring of determination and authority in his voice, before which the sailors slunk away, feeling that already they had been guilty of some offense. The inevitableness of his dictum had, in a measure, even sunk into the mind of the giant, and his head sunk nerveless on his heaving breast.

Leslie Anson, Durand and a few of the passengers gathered round him and begged him to abandon his mad notion.

"Come down into the cabin," said Anson; "we can have a private chat and see how we can help you."

He silently acquiesced. Anson took him by the arm and led him down. The captain, who was standing by, offered them the use of his own cabin. When they got inside, the giant sank into a seat, and his huge frame racked and heaved with heavy sobs.

There is no sight more distressing than that of a strong man crying; and they stood round him, concerned, sympathetic and helpless, waiting till he had recovered himself.

(To Be Continued.)

TONIO
SON OF THE SIERRAS

A STORY OF THE APACHE WAR

By General Charles King

CHAPTER XXIII.

The week was closing, the third of a mournful little series of seven-day happenings, the like of which Almy had never before experienced, and it was hoped might never know again. "The Moon of Many Woes," as later it transpired the Indians had named the night goddess of November, was a thing of the past. A new queen had come, hovering like silvery filament over the black barrier of the Mazatzal in a sky cloudless and glinting with myriad points of fire. The nights were cold and still, the days soft yet brilliant in the blaze of an unshrouded sun. An almost Sabbath-like calm hovered over the valley, for even signal smokes had ceased to blur the horizon. Not a hostile Indian had been heard of since the coming of Freeman's couriers. The brawling gang of "greaser" gamblers had stolen away from the "ghost ranch." Even the ghost himself seemed to walk no more. Something had happened to call the firm of Munoz y Sanchez elsewhere, and Dago, darkly glowering and scowling about the store, where day and night the bookkeeper sat absorbed in accounts and letters, muttered many a carramba, and had even been goaded into explosive carrajo, because a defrauded soldiery, thirsting for revenge or restitution, persisted in connecting him with these skilled but quite unprincipled experts of the alluring game of monte, whereas Dago hated the sight of Munoz, of whom he stood in dread.

But while all men knew the "greasers" had gone, and many wondered why, and none at Almy could tell, there was abundant reason to believe they would soon reappear. Much news had been coming in—news from Crook's column along the Mogollon and the eastward foothills—good news, too, for far and wide the Indians were heeding his Gospel of Peace, which, tersely translated, read: "Come in and be fed. Stay out and be fought," and by scores the mountain warriors, with their queerly assorted families, were flocking to the San Carlos and Apache reservations, and at last there seemed promise of a general burial of the hatchet. At last there was hope, wrote Stannard, that the Bennett boys would be restored. Good news, too, and stacks of mail, had come from Prescott and from far distant homes, but the bit of news that appealed to all but a chosen few at Camp Almy, as by all means the most important and welcome, was "The paymaster's coming!" The paymaster, indeed, after weeks of detention, was scheduled to be at the post by nightfall of the coming Tuesday or Wednesday, and Wednesday would usher in the old-time saturnalia of the southwestern frontier, the joy of the laundress, soldier and sutler, the dread of every post and company commander from her majesty's dominion to the Mexican line—Pay Day.

And stacks of letters and some few papers and magazines—by no manner of means all that were hopefully started—had come to the Archers and Mrs. Stannard and the exiles of official Almy, and stacks of letters were there for the slowly bettering young soldier lying helpless under the commander's roof, faithfully tended and devotedly nursed, the object of the fondest hope and love and prayer—Lieutenant Harold Willett, on detached service from "the Lost and Strayed," as aide-de-camp to the commanding general, Department of Arizona, who never yet since the day he left Vancouver Barracks had set eyes on him. Most of these letters, tied in tape, stood piled like bricks upon the mantel shelf in the darkened quarters. Some few of them, in feminine superscription and bearing the Portland postmark, Dr. Bentley had seen fit to segregate and set aside. They had been placed for safe keeping in the hands of Mrs. Stannard, of whom, said Bentley, "there are not ten women of her sense in the whole service," which, said Lieutenant Blake, of Camp McDowell, when told of the fact, "is a most egregious exaggeration," and no woman there knew just what he meant. Blake at the moment was riding boot to boot with his captain, Freeman, for between the two there dwelt an attachment and understanding rarely seen between captain and subaltern, but Freeman guffawed at his junior's whimsical remark, and told it, just to try the effect on three of the four heroines then quartered at the camp. No one of their number was there who did not envy Mrs. Stannard her place in public estimation, but no one of them, could they have known, would have envied her the plight in which she found herself—joint custodian, with Bentley, of Hal Willett's unconscious confidences—compelled to see a young girl's rapturous love lavished upon a man so saturated with the incense of feminine idolatry as to be more than apt to underrate the priceless boon of a pure woman's heart-whole devotion.

They had clipped short, and shaved, much of the hair from the back and left side of Harold's handsome head, where fell the blows that had stunned him, but as those severe contusions healed, and it transpired that the skull was sound, the doctor's main anxiety was transferred to the gunshot wound, which might well be serious in view of the amount of anatomy traversed, yet even that was healing, healthfully, steadily. "A beautiful constitution has this young Lovelace," said Bentley to Bucketts, in whom he had long since found a kindred spirit. "Just look at that!" and with a nod over his pipe stem he indicated the bunch of letters forwarded from the Columbia. "Why don't you"—began Bucketts, but dropped it—he knew it was impossible. He knew, moreover, that when both mother and daughter have set their hearts on a single man, paterfamilias is powerless. "The whole family's infatuated," said Bentley, "and in his whole handsome carcase there isn't half the man in Willett that there is in that dried up little chap yonder."

"The dried up little chap yonder," dismounting slowly and carefully from one of Turner's staidest troop horses, was the unappreciated Harris, returning from one of the first tentatives in saddle. Days before this, had he been permitted, Harris would have been up and away, he cared little whither. He wished to shake the dust of Almy from his deerskins, get back to the mountains and the warpath, get over the Mazatzal to McDowell and Tonio—Tonio, his faithful friend and fellow-scout, now languishing presumably behind prison bars, awaiting the orders of the Chief of Chieftains in his case, for all pleading were vain. The last barrier to belief in his guilt had gone with the recovery of the revolver and the exposure of the cock-and-bull story, said Archer, by which he had humbugged Freeman and Blake into believing he had really been slashed in hand-to-hand fight with Tonto Apaches. The first name spoken by Willett, after the fever had left him, and speedily he began to recover sense, was that of Tonio—Ton

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Home of Swamp-Root.

no hand in it. Thus could he talk to Bentley, at least, and even to Bucketts, who would listen, though he would not lie, and say he thought Harris right.

None the less there had been amaze at McDowell when Archer's demand was received. 'Tonio had been taken to hospital on his arrival, kindly, skilfully cared for by the young post surgeon, while the couriers had been sent on to Prescott. 'Tonio's wound was a knife slash in the left arm, and another in the side. He had lost much blood and had little left to build up with. He was too weak to attempt escape, wrote Major Brown, the post commander, even if he knew he was under arrest, which he did not. "If I have to confine him it shall not be with such cattle as that half cad, half coyote, Sanchez, and Harris, being very improperly told of this missive, could almost have walked the weary miles to McDowell to fall upon the major's neck and bless him. "The very fact that 'Tordo was cut and slashed conflicts with every theory in the case," said he. "Who would have cut and slashed him but Willett, if 'Tonio attacked him, and Willett had no knife."

And still Camp Almy clung to the belief that 'Tonio was Harold Willett's assailant and would-be murderer. Even Bonner, a conservative, had this to say: "Willett admits he struck 'Tonio. What Indian ever forgave that affront? He hates Willett as he loves Harris, and such an Indian love is almost as strong as his hate. We have some reason to think Willett no friend of Harris. 'Tonio went further and thought him an enemy. Couple that with his own grievance and there's more than sufficient motive for his crime."

The topic was too one-sided to be mildly interesting. Moreover, the paymaster was coming, which overshadowed all minor considerations, and Turner was to take twenty men and meet him midway over to McDowell, and could have taken fifty had volunteers been called for, and the garrison to a man would have offered to sally forth, "with mattock and with spade" to patch up the crazy road that twisted through Picacho Pass—anything to get the man and his money to Camp Almy, for "devil a cent of four months' pay had the garrison, and more than double that," said Sergeant Malloy, "is owin' me in I. O. U.'s that they wouldn't take for a treat at the store."

The night before Turner's fellows were to start, Mr. Harris coming with the doctor slowly homeward from the mess room and listening again, disgustedly, to arguments against his attempting to ride back with the paymaster to see 'Tonio at McDowell, the two came suddenly upon Archer, just stepping forth into the pallid moonlight. The general pulled up short at sight of them, and Harris silently raised his cap, the old-time salutation to the post commander.

"I was just about sending for you, Bentley," began the chief, as courteously he returned the salutation. "Bella thinks Willett's a bit flighty again, just now. Could you go in a moment? Come and take a chair, Harris," he added, as the doctor disappeared from the hallway. "We haven't seen you in a coon's age. What's this I hear about your wanting to go up to McDowell? Bentley says you're not yet strong enough."

"It's to see 'Tonio, sir. I'm about the only friend he has left," and Harris would have ignored the proffered chair, but the general again indicated his wish, which meant compliance.

"He'll need all he can get, I am afraid, my boy," and the answer was kind, even conciliatory. How was he ever going to admit to this uncompromising young campaigner that he had done him mighty wrong in his official dispatch? Some time the boy must know it. Better know it through him, when it could be explained, perhaps condoned. They had exhausted the 'Tonio subject, so far as was possible between commander and subaltern. They had never yet talked it as man to man. When they did it would be on Archer's initiative, not that of Harris. The more the old soldier studied the young man the better he liked him. The less they discused 'Tonio, the better Harris liked Archer. It was useless saying more. Harris silently took the chair at his senior's side and Archer continued:

"If it would contribute to your strength as much as your peace of mind, I'd send you over in the forbidden ambulance, my boy"—how the voice trembled at the word that so often, so constantly in bygone days, was on his lips!—"but Bentley says 'not yet'—not even for a week, so what can an old fellow do?"

"You are all that is kind—to me, general," was the grave answer, "and I hope to persuade Bentley before the paymaster gets back. If I do—"

"If you do—that settles it— What is it, dear?" he asked, half rising from his chair. Harris was already on his feet. Lilian, all in white, save the belt at her slim waist, stood at the doorway and had spoken.

"Dr. Bentley asks that you come to him a moment, father. He is with —Mr. Willett." She saw who stood there by his side, and it was not so easy to say "Harold." Harris, bowing, would have backed from the veranda, but Archer interposed. "No, stay here awhile, lad; I—I want to talk with you. I'll be back in a moment."

Very possibly he thought he could be. But the moment lengthened. Lilian had come slowly forth. Something had told her she was neither needed nor desired in the room just then. Even her mother, silently, had left the bedside and was hovering about the doorway. And now here was Harris. Lilian had matured a little, and paled not a little, in these few days of vigil and anxiety, but she was inexpressibly lovely as she stood and looked wistfully into his face. "You know he isn't quite so well today?" she said. "There's fever again. He craves ice so. What wouldn't I—we —give for some? What do you think he called me"—she gave a queer little nervous laugh—"just a moment ago as I was fanning him?"

Harris did not answer. He would have hazarded "Sanctissima," possibly, as he stood there looking intently into her clear, soft eyes, with all their depth of tenderness and trust. Good God! Why should any man have a past, when love such as this was possible? "He called me Stella. Mother said he was dreaming of the pet dog he left at Vancouver, but his eyes were wide open—looking right up at me."

Harris knew well who Stella was. The name was appended to many a letter and "wire" that came to him during first class camp, and later, begging him to tell her of Mr. Willett, and now here was this fair girl virtually bidding him say he had known a Stella. He ground his teeth as he turned aside to set a chair for her. There had been others since Stella, unless all indications lied. What might she not say if she knew them all?

"I called my mother Topsy and Aunt Ophelia both, when I was getting over typhoid and Uncle Tom's Cabin," said he.

"Then Stella was only—" and the blue eyes were searching his.

"Only a—you know I was nearly 'found' in French. What would you call the parallel to a nom de plume? Nom de chien? Nom de—something visionary, at all events. He'll be sitting up day after tomorrow and telling you—all about it."

She stood before him, with those pretty, slender, white hands loosely clasped, the clear, truthful, beautiful eyes looking straight into his sun-tanned, yet pallid face. No man in his time at the Point had ever known Harris to flinch at the truth or dodge an issue. "He is square as they make 'em," was the verdict of his classmates, and square he had been through his subaltern days, and now to be square meant the dealing to this sweet and trusting girl a blow that, while it might down his rival, would wreck her happiness. He now had dodged an issue at last, and then came the further trial:

"Mr. Harris, dogs don't write. Harold's talking about Stella's letters, and says you get them."

He had dodged. He might as well flinch. The truth he would not tell her. A lie he could not tell her. He did, perhaps, the best he could for himself and the worst, perhaps, for her. He acted.

"Don't believe a word of it, Miss Lilian. He's mooning yet."

"Then—there wasn't any girl?—any letters?"

"There's only one girl in creation he cares for."

"But Stella?" she persisted.

"Never saw his Stella in all my life. What he needs is ice, and I'm going to see he gets it."

With that he was gone, deaf to the words of relief the poor child would have spoken—trying to be deaf to the fierce upbraiding of conscience, and failing as he deserved, miserably.

An hour later that evening, with a pack mule, blankets, old newspapers and a brace of cracker boxes, two half-tamed Mohaves were heading for the heights to the northeast, where water would freeze in the canteens these December nights, and the rock tanks were nearly solid ice. Two hours later while Harris, nervous, irritable, and filled with nameless self-reproach, was pacing the narrow veranda at the doctor's quarters, there was a stir at the southward end of the post, a sound of hoofbeats and footfalls, a running to and fro and lighting up at the office. An orderly came on the jump and banged at the adjutant's door, and Strong shuffled forth in the moonlight and joined other dark forms over at headquarters. The sentries were calling the midnight hour without, and the doctor was snoring placidly within. It was barely ten minutes before Strong came back, in one of his hurries, and Harris hailed for the tidings.

"Oh, you'll be glad, I'm betting!" was the answer, half rueful, half relieved, for somehow Strong had "taken to" the doctor's guest—and to doubting his own. "Those galoots at McDowell let up on their watch, and 'Tonio's walked off—'gone where the woodbine twineth'—'Patchie Sanchez with him!"

CHAPTER XXIV.

That meant new trouble—trouble for Major Brown commanding the little two-company station—the "tuppenny post," his subaltern, Blake, derisively termed it—trouble for Blake, who was officer of the day, and was held on tenterhooks for many a day thereafter—trouble for Sergeant Collins, who was directly in command of the guard—"Collins ne Oolahan," as Freeman wrote him down, it having been discovered that this versatile Celt had served a previous enlistment in the "Lost and Strayed," when four of its companies were pioneering shortly after the war, where even the paymaster couldn't find them. Such of them as could be found in course of years were gathered up and sent to San Francisco for further exploration in other desert lands, but Oolahan and four of his fellows of Company "A," not having returned from wagon escort duty, were finally dropped as dead or deserted (those were days wherein nobody much cared which), whereas they were merely drunk at Cerbat. Under other names, as oxthodox as the originals, they were now doing valorous and valuable service in other commands, Collins in particular proving a capital fighter and trooper, to the end that the best interests of the service were subserved by keeping a keen eye on his present and a "Nelson blind" on his past. Of the three soldiers thus involved at McDowell, Collins was the one who took it most to heart, for Collins had come to think ill of 'Tonio, whom at first he had championed. Collins despised 'Patchie Sanchez, whom he had known five years, and described as a "durrty cross betune a skunk and a spitbox," a greaser Indian who would knife his best friend. As for 'Tonio, whom he had known ever since he came to Arizona in '65, and once held to be "the wan good Indian in it," 'Tonio had made him believe he too held Sanchez in contempt. Yet, to all appearance, the two, who up to this night had been confined entirely apart, had gone together. One of the counts in the unwritten indictments against McDowell was that its officers and men had lionized the dangerous Indian they were bidden to hold under careful guard, had held him without bond or shackle in a vacant room of the hospital, until that very day, when, stung by an inspector's comment, Brown ordered him at last into confinement with Sanchez, who was shackled to a post in the prison room. Yet all that was left of either was the "greaser's" chains. Could there have been collusion?

It meant more trouble for 'Tonio. Instead of facing investigation, as Harris declared he would, he had fled. It even meant more trouble for Harris, who, having stood by his friend through thick and thin, proclaimed his innocence in spite of accumulation of evidence, now found himself utterly alone in his views and all Almy beginning to veer over to Willett. Willett, now able at last to recognize those about him, was sitting up a little to be nursed and petted and read to, a recovery in which the ice, for which Harris had sent his Indian followers forty miles, had played no unimportant part. Willett was now the object of devoted care and unspeakable interest, for all Almy hoped to hear the story of the assault with intent to kill. But Almy was doomed to disappointment. Beyond the expression of an unalterable conviction that he had been shot down from ambush by 'Tonio, hammered senseless, and left for dead, Willett declared he knew no more about it than they did. He seemed, in fact, to know as little of them as he knew of Stella, when at last the doctor gave him, without a word, the little packet held in trust by Mrs. Stannard. "He is muddle-headed yet," said Bentley, in explanation. "He'll know more after awhile, which is more than we may," was the mental addition, as he looked into Mrs. Stannard's doubtful eyes.

But meanwhile further tidings had come from the San Carlos and beyond. "Big Chief Jake" had been doing some famous rounding up among the late recalcitrants. The general-in-chief had given a feast to the incoming Indians, had shaken hands with their leaders, ordered rations for the families until the agency could again take them under its wing, had detailed escorts to conduct them by easy stages to the reservation set apart for them, but, as punctilious to the keeping of one part of a promise as to another, he sent forth his scouting parties to look up those Indians who had not come in, with strict orders to stick to it until the fate of the Bennett boys was definitely settled, and the scattered renegades were captured or destroyed. And this was why Mrs. Stannard was destined to wait still awhile longer for the home-coming of her beloved captain. This was why, within the week that followed their mission in quest of ice, three Indian scouts that were still "casuals" at Almy, set forth eastward, full panoplied for the field, with little Harris at their head.

"Wouldn't you like to see Harold before you go?" Mrs. Archer had asked him when he called to say good-by. Her heart had warmed to him, as had Lilian's, in grateful appreciation of that gift of ice ("though of course Mr. Harris should know that now, under the circumstances, he really—well, it wasn't at all a matter to be spoken about, but dear Mrs. Stannard could see for herself that—it were quite as well that Mr. Harris got back to his duties"). Both mother and daughter, knowing well what it must have cost in time and labor, had thanked Harris very prettily, and fully meant all they said, which kept them from saying too much. It was but natural that his classmate should do anything for Harold.

"Would he care to see me?" asked Harris, very quietly.

"Well, he is sleeping just now, and he needs that so much. Lilian soothes him to sleep when no medicine can. He can't bear to have her out of his sight."

"Then I think I should not disturb them," said Harris. "He'll be himself again before we are a week away, and you can say good-by for me, also to Miss Lilian, will you not?"

It was thus he would have gone, but, as he turned away, compassion seized the mother's gentle heart, still bleeding—bleeding for her own beloved boy. After all, how could any young fellow help loving her Lilian? How could Harris help it? Why should she wish to seek to hold him aloof? "Come back one minute," she cried, half choking, then disappeared within.

So so he turned again. He could not well refuse, and presently She came and smiled upon him and put her long, slim hand, cool from contact with iced toweling, into his hot, dry palm, and slipped the fingers slowly forth again, and spoke almost in whisper, lest the sleeper might hear her voice and know she had ventured forth and was conversing with some other man—all in that exaggerated precaution of word and manner that, whenever so much in love with one man, a girl so often observes toward others even ever so little in love with her.

"You have been so good to—us, Mr. Harris, and I know how—he will thank you when he is able. Till then you must let me. Good-bye!" Poor comfort at best, yet what one of us would not have sought it rather than nothing? And then she was gone lest he should awake and remember—and Harris should awake and—and forget. She was but a child, after all, and her fond and beloved mother little less so.

And of such was Harris' leave taking, cool as his contribution to that happy rival's comfort, he thought, as he rode drearily away to the fort, with but a wave of the hand in response to the shout of Craney and Watts at the shack, while "Barkeep" and a few hangers-on stood gazing from under the canvas shade at the store, and Case, the silent bookkeeper, bent over his desk by the east window—the desk wherein still reposed that big calibre 44, with every chamber loaded and the handle more coated with dust.

Half way to the ford Harris' broncho stumbled and kicked up a muddy splash in the shallow pool. His rider reined him up sharply and spurred on; the three pack mules, following in file a scrawny Mexican on the bell horse, shied clear of the water cloud and emerged with dripping bellies from a deeper pool just to the left. The Indians, skipping, dry-shod over the bowlders, a dozen yards below, turned their heads at the sound of the stumble, and their keen eyes exchanged glances. Presently one of them shed his moccasins and waded in toward the mud cloud on the face of the rippling waters, and, while his companions stood at the bank, began searching in the knee-deep puddle. Presently again he swooped, thrust down a bare, brown arm almost to the shoulder, and drew forth a dripping object a foot long, covered with rust and mud. "Huh!" was all he said, as he splashed back to shore, exhibiting his prize to his fellows. Then together the three went a jog trot after Harris and held it up for inspection. He took it curiously—an old-fashioned, war-time, percussion-capped, Navy Colt—the pistol officers carried through the four years of battling in preference to the so-called Army Colt issued to the cavalry. "Some relic of the old volunteer days at Almy," said Harris to himself, and bade the Indian keep it. Nor did he think again of that pistol until many days later.

That night they bivouacked among the tanks under Diamond Butte. Next day, toward sunset, as the smoke from the little cook fire went sailing aloft from the bank of a mountain stream that came tumbling from the Black Mesa, another little column of smoke answered from among the pines far up the heights. An Indian touched the young soldier's sleeve and pointed. Another moment and he was up, blanket in hand and signaling. That night the escaped prisoner, whom all commanders of posts or detachments were ordered to arrest wherever found, stood erect in the firelight, clasping hands with his young leader—'Tonio, the Apache-Mohave, and 'Tonio had a stirring tale to tell.

Barely five days later still, Archer and his wife sat hand in hand in the cool veranda, taking the air. The sun was just down and the flag had just fluttered to its rest. From the open casement came the murmur of happy voices, one so very happy it thrilled their hearts. Across the barren parade the men were just breaking ranks after retreat inspection, and the officers were coming homeward, unbelting sword or sabre as they neared their doors, in the impatient fashion of the day. Strong, the adjutant, still precise and buckled, stalked up to his commander's steps, halted, saluted, and said: "All present, sir, and couriers coming up the valley."

Archer rose to his feet and reached for his binocular. Forgetful of supper, many men began to gather at the edge of the bluff over by the office. A brace of sergeants had clambered to the look-out, and Mrs. Stannard, eager ever for news from her husband, came hurrying to join her friends. Twilight faded with almost tropical suddenness, but not before the coming riders could be recognized as troopers, and Mrs. Stannard's heart was praying they might be her Luce's men.

"If you had your wish," said Archer, as he lowered the glass and turned to where the two friends stood, their arms entwining, "what would you ask for, Mrs. Stannard?"

"My husband, I suppose," was the answer, "and yet—I've been sitting hours by poor Mrs. Bennett this day," and the blue eyes began to fill.

"Heaven send us news of those little fellows soon," said Archer piously. "If not, I'm afraid her heart will break. Bentley says the faint hope is all that holds her. Listen to that!" he suddenly cried. "Listen!"

Far down beyond the store somebody had set up a shout. Then, as they stood with beating hearts and straining ears, from the store itself went up another—three, four voices in unison—a shout that set every man along the edge of the mesa to swinging his hat. But a veteran sergeant, Bonner's level-headed right bower, sprang among them, with uplifted hand and voice. "Quiet, men! Don't yell! Wait!" Then he came hurrying across the parade, straight to his post commander. "What is it, sergeant?" was the anxious query, and at the very moment the riders came wearily jogging over the brow of the hill.

"Couriers from General Crook, sir. They say the boys are found—safe."

Bentley was there almost as the foremost horseman sprang from saddle. "Not a word of it to her—yet!" said he. "Wait until we know exactly. Go you, sergeant, and tell the steward on no account to let any one disturb her." And by this time Archer had torn open the leter handed him, and Doyle had come running out with a lamp. The expressions that chased each other over the general's features as he hurriedly read would have baffled an actor; first rejoicing, then amaze, then perplexity, if not trouble. "Can you tell us, dear?" was the gentle query that recalled him.

"Read it—aloud," he said, and though her voice was tremulous, the tone was clear and the hush breathless. Even Lilian and her lover could hear every word.

"Camp on Tonto Creek,
"December ——, 5:30 a. m.

"Dear General:

"Almy scores again. General Crook sends his best congratulations. The little Bennets should be safely with you tonight. We see them as far as El Caporal. The general takes short cut for McDowell and thence home. Old Stannard never slept from the moment he got the word until he got the boys. Harris and 'Tonio located the rancheria and led unerringly. We are all happy.

"Yours in haste,
"BRIGHT."

Even in her womanly joy over the rescue, there was wifely sympathy and instant understanding of her husband's swift-changing mood. The children were safe—that meant rejoicing for all. Stannard and his troop were the rescuers—that meant credit and triumph for Archer's post, and the general awarded it. But Harris and 'Tonio were the discoverers and leaders. "Tonio, probably, was the man without whose aid nothing could have been accomplished. 'Tonio was the hero, therefore, in the eyes of the commanding general—'Tonio, the man whom Archer would have condemned and shot. This meant perplexity, if not worry, as she quickly saw, and went and nestled to his side. Did ever soldier have such contrary luck as did hers?

But all were crowding about the couriers for particulars. "Yes," said the sturdy corporal, who was spokesman for the two, "the little fellows had been brought in a mule litter from way over toward Chevlon's Fork straight to Crook's camp." Captain Stannard with most of his people would scout the country far as the Chiquito before returning. Lieutenant Harris and 'Tonio stayed with him and the general's escort from "G" troop brought in the boys.

And by ten o'clock another rider came loping in. The party with the litter were just behind, the tiny occupants worn out and sound asleep. "Take them straight to the hospital," said Dr. Bentley. "Mrs. Archer, Mrs. Stannard, will you come with me?"

All Almy sat up late that night. Probably not a soldier eye was closed until long after eleven, and half the garrison clustered about the hospital, treading on tiptoe and speaking in whispers, as the little fellows were tenderly lifted from the litter, the weary mules were led away, and, in the arms of Mrs. Archer and Mrs. Stannard, the sleeping boys were borne, without word or sound, to the darkened room where, in the broad white bed that had been the hospital matron's, lay in the slumber of exhaustion, their unconscious mother. Bentley closed the door behind them, noiselessly as possible. The steward and his wife, both with tear-brimming eyes, stood by to aid. Deft hands disrobed the sleeping little forms (Mrs. Archer nearly sobbing aloud at sight of their thinned and worsted limbs), and invested them in borrowed "nightries" from buxom Mrs. Kelly's store. Then, cautiously, noiselessly, the light coverlet was partly raised, the weary little curly heads were pillowed close beside the mother's, and then, leaving the night light turned low, stealthily they drew away and waited. "She never sleeps more'n an hour or two at a time," whispered the steward. "She'll be sure to wake before long," and so they lingered near the doorway, and Camp Almy, much of it, clustered in the moonlight without. Ten, fifteen minutes passed, and still there was so sound from the darkened room, and then, over at the guardhouse, the sentry on Number One started the call of seven o'clock. Number Two, at the storehouse, took it up in his turn and trolled off his "All's well," and then it was Number Three's turn, out just under the edge of the bench, and Three muffled his voice and strove to turn it into a lullaby as he began, and, as the first words of the soldier watch cry came floating in through the partly open window, Mrs. Archer's hand stole forth and clasped that of Mrs. Stannard's, for the mother had begun to stir. Then, finger on lips, in tremulous excitement, those loving-hearted friends bent forward, and the watchers, five, listened and gazed, the women quivering with sympathy and emotion, for Mrs. Bennett's dark head was slowly lifting from the pillow, and then, all on a sudden went up a piercing cry—in a very agony of joy—incredulous, intolerable—"Danny! Danny! Oh, my God! Don't say I'm dreaming! And Jimmy!"

And then, with lusty yowl, the younger of the startled cherubs entered his protest against this summary awakening, and the words of ecstatic thanksgiving were for the moment drowned in the chorus of infant lamentation. Even the rapture of restoration to mother arms was dimmed by consideration of present discomfort.

But within were glad-hearted friends, weeping joyfully with her. Without were sturdy soldiers, shaking hands and slapping backs and shoulders in clumsy delight, and somebody was moved to say he'd bet the Old Man wouldn't care if it was after taps, "and—Craney's was still open."

And so by dozens they went trooping down, for, though cash was scant and the paymaster overdue, the rules were suspended and Craney bade "Barkeep" credit all comers who drank to Harris; and Case, the bookkeeper, with white and twitching face, waylaid such men as came from the escort with odd, insistent questioning. If 'Tonio was really leader in the rescue, had nothing been seen of 'Patchie Sanchez? Was Saschez heard of—nowhere?—until, with his fifth free drink to the health of everybody concerned, Corporal Dooley turned on Case with "What is it to you, anyhow, whether 'Tonio led or Sanchez's dead?" and Craney, listening and watching, turned to Watts and asked had Case begun again? If so, they couldn't too speedily check him. "Come up here, if you're a man," insisted Dooley, "and have wan on me to big little Harris and 'Tonio—'Tonio, bedad, even if he did do up Loot'nent Willett!"

Whereat, even in the noisy barroom there was sudden silence, save for responsive murmurs of 'Tonio's name, for strange sympathy had come sifting in from the columns afield. But Craney had heard in the adjoining room and was up in an instant, Watts following suit. This would never do. This was disloyalty to the best and gentlest and most courteous of post commanders, and no soldier should, no employe of his could, drink such a toast within Craney's doors. But he need not have feared. Promptly a big sergeant had interposed, and caught the corporal by the wrist, with thunderous "None of that, Dooley!" Prompt came Case's answer, though lowtoned and guarded: "I'm drinking nothing, man, till after pay-day. Then come at me and I'll settle it with you drink for drink."

But Dooley's Irish blood was up, five fingers of tanglefoot tingling in each fist and bubbling in his brain. Struggling in the sergeant's grasp, he shouted his reply: "Settle nothing! How'd you settle wid Willett for the girl he did you out? Bluffed him on a queen high, and called it square! You're nothin' but a bluffer, Case, an' all Vancouver knowed it!" In the instant of awkward, amazed silence that followed no man moved. Then, his face still whiter, his lips livid, Case turned to Sergeant Woodrow. "That man has no right to be heard here—much less to be wearing chevrons," said he. "His name's Quigley, a deserter from the Lost and Strayed!"

It was then just midnight, and the sergeant of the guard, coming to close the festivities, went back with an unlooked-for prisoner, who, every inch of the way, cursed and foamed and fought, and swore hideous vengeance on Case for a cur and a coward, so that the fury of his denunciation reached even the general's quarters, where peace and congratulation were having sway, and lovers were still whispering ere parting for the night—reached even the ears of Willett himself, reclining blissfully at the open window, with Lilian's hand in his, her fair head pillowed on his shoulder. There in the open hearth lay the ashes of the letters, unread, unopened, that had come to accuse him, but even the fires of hell could not burn out the memory of the wrong that, after all, had tracked him here unerringly, for in the few half-drunken, all-damning words that reached him, Harold Willett heard the trumpeting of his own disgrace. His sin had found him out.

And, barely an hour before, he had sworn to her that the Stella of whom he had babbled in his dreams was indeed but a favorite hound he had lost in the Columbia; that no Stella had penned a line to him in years, and, taking her sweet, upturned face between his palms, with the soft, tender brown eyes looking fondly down into the trustful, beautiful blue, he had said: "My darling, like other men, I have had fancies in boyish days, and even a flame or two, but never a love, real love, until you came into my life. In a week now I must be with my general at Prescott, but every day, every moment of my absence you will be the only girl in all the world to me. I shall shrink from the mere touch of another hand. I shall count the hours until you become my wife."

And she believed him, utterly, poor soul. He even believed himself.

(To Be Continued.)

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

THE LAW THAT MAKES A NATION GREAT.

The International Sunday School Lesson for July 14 Is, "The Ten Commandments: Duties Toward God," Ex. 20:1-11.—The Golden Text Is, "Thou Shalt Love the Lord Thy God With All Thine Heart and With All Thy Soul and With All Thy Might," Duet. 6:5.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

A man possessed by a single big idea is a far greater force than one who holds to many petty notions. A great conception makes a life great. The person who has one dominant purpose outstrips all others in life's race. "Believe something tremendously" is good advice for the young. There is a deep principle underlying the simple fact that when Jehovah got Israel face to face with Himself, for the purpose of laying down the supreme law, He should put first the truth of His own existence and character.

In a hundred ways this busy world of today is being made aware of the truth that there is a God; and that He is a God of justice, as well as of mercy. There has been a tendency among "practical" men to regard God rather as a soft, uncaring spirit, not greatly dissimilar from the life force by which the materialistic scientists would substitute for an infinite Creator. There are a great many people who need to get straight in their thinking upon the fundamental fact of God's existence and personality.

It is because they have lost their grip upon this teaching concerning God that so many white men in the remote parts of the earth are going back upon their color and upon their inherited civilization. When a person gets out of adjustment with this big central truth he quickly finds himself askew with respect to the common moralities. Keep central the truth with respect to God, and one may radiate far in every direction. Every year the legislatures and parliaments of civilization are adding hundreds of new laws to society's codes; but the real need is not for more laws, but for a clearer perception of man's obligation to the external, self-existent, all-wise, all-powerful and all-pervading Creator, who is also Father of the human family and its supreme Lawgiver.

The Right of Priority.

No good officer coddles his soldiers; no able executive secures efficiency by surrendering his own authority. The king's kingliness does not consist in putting himself on the same political level as his subjects. If there is a Supreme Being, with a right to lay down laws for mankind, then He must be supreme, indeed; and the first commandment is seen to be inevitable: "Thou shalt have no other gods before Me." If Jehovah be God, He must command the prerogatives of the solitary, supreme Deity. No thinking man would care to worship a god who did less.

Nobody doubts that real infidelity is rare. The dangerous, widespread and subtle practical infidelity is this, however. It assents to God's godship, and then disregards him. Now a god believed, but disobeyed, may or may not visit punishment thereafter, but he certainly works moral disaster in the character of the individual. Hypocrisy is the deadliest sin, for it atrophies the soul. Better an honest, heaven-defying atheist than a professing Christian deliberately living a life at variance with the moral law.

A wholesome revolt against this sort of sinning, especially in high places, is sweeping over the world. The cry of one analyst, "Too many men are spiritual who are not moral," is commanding serious thought. Society increasingly perceives the incongruity of such not uncommon spectacles as one which I myself have witnessed: A famous churchman's name cheered in an ecclesiastical gathering, but actually hissed by his own employes. If the sovereignty of the Lord Almighty means anything it means obedience to his laws.

The God in a Box.

While watching a Shinto festival in a remote Japanese village, I was approached by a native who knew a few words of English. He said, pointing to the careening ark which shouting, dancing devotees were carrying on their shoulders, "God in box." Thanking him for the explanation, I began to muse on the fact that the gods of heathendom are all little gods—gods who can be carried about in a box, gods who can be made by hands, gods limited by human forms and attributes. The God whose worship alone is universal dwells not in temples made with hands; the heaven of heavens cannot contain Him, and His ineffable greatness is beyond the grasp of mortal mind.

Because Jehovah is not a little god, but the Great God, deserving and desiring direct worship and allegiance, and jealous of aught that would come between Him and the hearts of His people, His finger wrote on the stony tablet the second commandment, "Thou shalt not make unto thee a graven image, nor the likeness of any form that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth; thou shalt not bow down thyself unto them nor serve them; for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquities of the fathers upon the children, upon the third and upon the fourth generation of them that hate me; and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me and keep my commandments."

That is spoken like a God sure of Himself and His rights, and one of all-embracing vision and large purposes. Whoever stoops to idolatry—be it idolatry of the golden eagle, or self, or some other form of object worship—is bound to have a reckoning with the Almighty, who is beyond all power of representation, and who will share his throne with none.

A Nation of Swearers?

The charge is frequently made overseas that in this new world west of the Atlantic there has grown up a race of swearers—the most profane people upon earth. Certainly there is a greater variety in the profanity of the west than in the stereotyped speech of those who live nearer the uninventive east; and it may be that this unlovely pre-eminence has been earned. Nobody will deny that there is altogether too much cursing and swearing in our land and time; and that the practice is not only irreverent, and in defiance of the third commandment, but also that it stunts intellectual growth.

A thinking man has no need to swear; he has a vocabulary of definite, meaningful and appropriate words. He is able to express his own meaning, in all the intended shades, without borrowing from the battered and street-worn speech of the tough and the rowdy. Profanity is more than immoral; it is vulgar and ineffective. It is not the blustering man who swears that impresses his ideas upon world or makes things move; it is the quiet, self-respecting man of ideas, who chooses words as a mechanic chooses tools, each fit for its own special task.

If any Sunday school teacher whose sphere touches real life, will only keep his ears open for an hour, he will hear abundant reason for utilizing the potent agency of the Sunday school to help curb the day's proclivity for profanity, which is of a piece with the age's spirit of irreverance. For the best of arguments against profanity is that which underlies the admirable Roman Catholic "Society of the Holy Name," namely, a respect for the name and personality of Him of whom the inspired pen wrote "Holy and reverend is His Name."

If the man of the street is hit by the sweep of this third Comamndment, scarcely less is the man of the prayer-meeting. Says Bishop Chadwick: "The name of God . . . is abused when the insincere and hollow professor joins in the most solemn act of worship, honors Him with the lips when the heart is far from Him—nay, when one strives to reclaim his fellow sinner by the use of good and holy phrases in which his own belief is merely theoretical."

Quite as cutting is this further extract from the same meaty writer: "There is a large and powerful school of religion in our day, whose disciples talk much more of their own emotions and their own souls than St. Paul did, and much less about God and Christ. Some day the proportions will be restored." There is a profanity that is born of religiosity as truly as a profanity which springs from unthinking irreverence; both alike violate the third commandment. Neither His friends nor His foes may trifle with Jehovah's majesty.

Man's Weal God's Will.

The Hindus have perfected religious observances to the point of ludicrousness; they have piled rite upon rite, ceremony upon ceremony, practice upon practice, until the original idea is hopelessly obscured. That man is far wiser than the ordinary Hindu worshiper who can make aught of sense or reason out of the jumble of performances to be witnessed any day in Benares. The same danger besets every religion. There is more of John Milton and the other Puritan fathers in some folks' theology than there is of the Apostle Paul. Reformations are as necessary in religion as in politics.

Take this fourth commandment, for example, through which by the way every week automobiles go dashing and golf balls, tennis balls and baseballs go hurtling. Even at the risk of shocking some reader, let me say that Sabbatarianism is by no means synonymous with Scripturalism. The law has become overlaid with interpretation. One of the most pressing needs of present day Christianity is a fresh, honest, unprejudiced and constructive presentation of the Sunday question. At present it is too largely confined to the hurling of futile prohibitions, which the preachers themselves do not always observe, against the now established practices of the many. Too long we have been hearing, upon this vital subject of the Lord's Day, only a series of past century "Thou shalt nots," when the church and the world are waiting for a sweet-spirited and timely interpretation of "This do in remembrance of Me."

As the fourth of the commandments having respect to man's duty to God, this law primarily enjoined only rest, with an implied memorial character. It was to be a rest day for workers (not for idlers, who today are the greatest Sabbath violators), in recognition of the rest of the Creator after his labors. The day was for God's glory, but also for man's good. It was designed to promote the highest physical well-being of man, as well as to insure time for thought upon spiritual things. Any man who works seven days a week, the spreadeter or the driver, is a Sabbath breaker; and he fails to render to God the honor which He claims as His due.

MAYOR BUSSE'S START.

Came With a Horse and Wagon Left Him by a Suicide.

The new mayor of Chicago is a bachelor and lives with his parents in a flat over the office of the Busse Coal company.

Fred Busse did not remain long in schools, says the Review of Reviews. His boyhood was spent in various occupations, much of the time helping his father.

The young man's kindness of heart brought him an oportunity, through another's misfortune, to go into business for himself in a small way.

One day an old expressman whom he had befriended was found hanging to a rafter in his stable. In the pocket of the dead man was this note: "I want Fred Busse to have my horse and wagon."

With this outfit Mr. Busse went into the express business, which rapidly broadened into a general teaming business. Later the sale of coal was added and today the Busse Coal company is among the largest retail dealers in that line in Chicago.

Mr. Busse is a man of large frame and rotund figure, but notwithstanding his size he is quick of action physically, and mentally is alert. As postmaster at Chicago he has given an efficient administration. When he wanted anything at Washington he did not write. He went.

During his year and a quarter of service as postmaster he had been to Washington twelve times, never taking more than three or four days for each trip. He has succeeded in having 500 employes added to the postoffice force in Chicago. Various improvements in local office management have also been made by him. Discipline has been well maintained.

The campaign that brought him into office is notable for the fact that during it the successful candidate never once appeared in public nor made a speech. On the evening of February 22, when he was returning from Washington, Mr. Busse was seriously injured in the wreck of the fast Pennsylvania limited near Altoona. It was several days before he could return to Chicago, and when there he did not once leave his home until election day, when he hobbled out to vote.

SCHOOL FOR SICKLY YOUNG

Result of Experiment Made in Center of German Forest.

In Germany the plan of establishing schools in the center of forests for children whose physical condition requires special care has been tried of recent years. Dr. Grau has given to the Centralblatt fur Gesundheitspflege an account of the results obtained at one of these establishments, at Gladbach, run on lines similar to those of the Charlottenburg school at the gates of Berlin.

The pupils, numbering 118, were for the most part scrofulous or anaemic. No tuberculosis patients were admitted. The daily instruction lasted two hours and three-quarters and was in three parts with intervals of rest. The subjects to which the greatest amount of attention was given were natural history and gymnastics.

The children were made to lie down from 1 to 3 p. m. Most of them enjoyed refreshing sleep during this period. Their hygienic education was carried on with special care. There was a medical inspection every day.

The sanitary results of the first season's working, in the summer of last year, were most satisfactory. There was an increase of weight in all the pupils after a stay of four months. This increase was on the average about 1,200 grammes. It coincided with an improvement in their general condition.

The cost of the new institution, says the New York Sun, was paid partly by the pupils' parents, partly by the town of Gladbach and party by the German Association for Holiday Colonies. Other establishments of the same kind are being planned in various parts of Germany.

A Silly Old Rule.

"The silliest old rule in the world," said an artist, "is that which requires the public to leave their sticks and umbrellas at the entrance to art galleries and museums.

"The ground for this rule is the supposition that the public, it admitted with their umbrellas and their sticks, would jab them into the pictures and chip up the statues. How absurd such a supposition is. The public are not fools.

"Yet for years the rule has held. A man with an umbrella or stick has been deemed a dangerous lunatic, whose malady passes

QUESTION BUREAU ?

RULES—1.—Your real name and post-office address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2.—Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but not different subjects. 3.—The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything or sell anything nothing in the way of free advertising. 4.—We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. We will not answer any questions involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6.—Don't ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers, we will reply in print, but never by mail.

Writing Pens.

Editor Question Bureau: Will you kindly tell in your columns when the steel pen came into general use? Were the old quills called pens?—G. B., Undergrift, Va.

Pens have been in use from very early times. In the earliest periods pens of steel served for writing on stone or metallic plates. Job had reference to these when he spoke of an iron pen." Pens of reeds were also made at a very early period for the use of a fluid ink upon papyrus. Along the shores of the Persian Gulf reeds are still collected for this purpose. The production of paper made necessary pens of a finer character, and quills of the goose and swan next came into use, and for extremely fine writing those of other birds, as of the crow, were found well adapted. A great trade grew up in the articles, and continued for centuries. Poland and Russia were largely engaged in it, and immense flocks of geese were raised in these countries chiefly for their quills. In a single year St. Petersburg has furnished to England over 27,000,000 quills. From each goose the average number of good quills obtained was only 10 or 12, though sometimes they amounted to 20. The best were plucked from the wings, they were soft and tough, and covered with and without with a thin membrane. They were first sorted according to the length and thickness of the barrel into primes, seconds and pinions, and were then buried for a short time in sand, which dried the outside skin, so that it was easily scraped off, and the inner lining became shriveled and detached. This treatment was called, from having been practiced in Holland, "dutching." After this the quills were hardened by dipping them into a boiling solution of alum or of dilated nitric acid, which also rendered the barrel yellow. A portion of the quills was then stripped off, and the quills were tied in bundles for the market.

The immense consumption of quills led to the invention of steel pens, which appeared first in England, in 1803. They cost originally $2 to $3 each, although the price was reduced to twelve cents in the course of ten years. It was not till after 1830 that steel pens began to come into extensive use, owing to improvements introduced. The lowest priced pens are now made almost entirely by machinery, but the best qualities require some hand labor in finishing.

The gold pen is an American product, and the world's supply is practically manufactured in New York. The great center of the pen manufacture is Birmingham, where more than 1,000,000 pens are turned out every week. The United States, France and Germany also manufacture steel pens. It has been declared that each man, woman and child in the United States uses, on the average, four pens a year. The same authorities also say that three of these four pens are of American make.

Buffalo Bill.

Editor Question Bureau: I would be pleased to have some information concerning the life of Buffalo Bill (Wm. F. Cody), the date of his birth, etc. Has he relatives in the mountains of eastern Kentucky?—S. F. D., Hindman, Ky.

We can tell our inquirer nothing concerning the relatives of William Frederick Cody. He was born in Scott county, Iowa, February 26, 1846. His parents moved to the country about Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, where the father was killed in the "border war" with the Indians when the boy was but an infant. When still quite young he was employed by the express companies as a rider to carry packages on horseback across the country, at that time a very dangerous occupation. Soon he became known as a fearless rider, keen scout and a reliable plainsman and hunter. He was but a little over twenty-one when he attracted the attention of the United States army officers, who were in need of the services of expert scouts who could be depended upon and who knew the habits and languages of the red man. In 1868-69 he was chief of scouts by order of Gen. Sheridan, who was at that time campaigning against hostile Indians. Cody carried dispatches 100 miles for Sheridan, through terrific fire of hostile bands of Indians and returned with replies safely. He gained the name of "Buffalo Bill" from the circumstance of a hunter, his record being 4,862 in one season—69 in one day. He continued actively engaged in frontier work for many years. He killed the Cheyenne chief Yellow Hand, in a personal encounter during the Sioux war of 1876. It was early in the eighties that Buffalo Bill began to gather about him some of the remaining elements which went to make up a frontier life and exhibit this existence in the eastern states and in Europe. With his show he has amassed a fortune, which he has invested in lands in Nebraska and Wyoming.

One-Rail Railroad.

Editor Question Bureau: I read in your columns a question and answer about a one-rail railroad. I would like to tell you of a railroad I saw, along the seventies, in McKeen county. It extended from Bradford to the village of Red Rock, a distance of seven miles. Spiles were driven into the earth eight feet from center to center, on top of these was an 8x12 timber, and on the top of that a single rail. The spiles were about five feet apart, and about two and one-half from the top on each side was a 4x6 side rail to hold. Strong brackets reached from the car down to those guard rails, with castors on the lower end, so that the car tilted they would strike the guard rail and hold the car in an upright position. The engine had two drivers, and one hung on each side of the track with the drivers between the rails. The track paralleled the O. B. R., a distance of two miles, the trains on the two roads used to race that two miles often, but the "peg-leg train" always reached the city first. I have ridden on this one-rail road many times. In 1881 a western syndicate bought the road's equipment and took it west.—H. L., Chambers, N. Y.

"Sweet By and By."

Editor Question Bureau: Somewhere I have seen the story of how the song, "Sweet By and By," came to be written, but have forgotten the circumstances. I have wondered if you could enlighten me. Also give the name of the author.—M. S., Hornbeck, La.

The words of "Sweet By and By" were written by S. F. Bennett; Joseph P. Webster composed the music. In Sankey's Story of the Gospel Hymns Mr. Bennett tells the circumstances under which the song was written as follows:

"In 1861 I became a resident of the village of Elkhorn, Wis., the home of the composer, J. P. Webster, and shortly after became associated with him in the production of sheet music (songs) and other musical works. In the summer or fall of the year 1867 we commenced work on 'The Signet Ring.' One of the songs written for that book was 'Sweet By and By.' Mr. Webster, like many musicians, was of an exceedingly nervous and sensitive nature, and subject to periods of depression, in which he looked upon the dark side of all things in life. I had learned his peculiarities so well that on meeting him I could tell at a glance if he was in one of his melancholy moods, and had found that I could rouse him from them by giving him a new song or hymn to work on. On such an occasion he would come into my place of business, walked around to the stove, and turned his back to me without speaking. I was at my desk writing. Presently I said: 'Webster, what is the matter now?' 'It is no matter,' he replied; 'it will be all right with me and by!' The idea of the hymn came to me like a flash of sunlight, and I replied: 'The sweet by and by!' Would that not make a good hymn? Maybe it would,' said he indifferently. Turning to the desk, I penned the three verses and the chorus as fast as I could write. In the meantime, two friends, Mr. N. H. Carswell and Mr. S. E. Bright, had come in. I handed the hymn to Mr. Webster. As he read it his eye kindled and his whole demeanor changed. Stepping to the desk, he began writing the notes in a moment. Presently he requested Mr. Bright to hand him his violin, and then he played the melody. In a few moments more he had the notes for the four parts of the chorus jotted down. I think it was not over thirty minutes from the time I took my pen to write the words before the two gentlemen, Mr. Webster and I, were singing the hymn in the same form in which it afterward appeared in 'The Signet Ring.' While singing it, Mr. R. R. Crosby came in. After listening awhile, with tears in his eyes, he uttered the prediction: 'That hymn is immortal.' I think it was used in public shortly after, for within two weeks children on the streets were singing it."

The Andrews Raid.

Editor Question Bureau: You may have answered the question before, nevertheless will you tell us something about the Andrews raid? Can you give the names of the raiders?—J. B. S., Reno, Pa.

The purpose of the Andrews raid was to destroy the bridges on the Western & Atlantic railroad between Chattanooga and Atlanta. The raiding party consisted of J. J. Andrews, of Kentucky, in the secret service of the government; William Campbell, also a Kentuckian, and George D. Wilson, Marion A. Ross, Perry G. Shadrach, Samuel Slavens, Samuel Robinson, John Scott, W. W. Brown, William Knight, J. R. Porter, J. A. Wilson, John Wollam, Jacob Parrott, William Bensinger, E. H. Mason, Mark Wood, M. J. Hankins, D. A. Dorsey, Robert Buffum, William Baddich and William Pettinger, non-commissioned officers and privates of the Twenty-first and Thirty-third Ohio regiments.

The raiders went in squads, dressed as citizens, to Chattanooga, April 11, 1862. They took passage at Marietta during the night, arriving at their destination at midnight. The next morning they took passage for Chattanooga. At Big Shanty, where there was no telegraph office, and while the conductor and engineer were at breakfast, detached the locomotive and three box cars and started for Chattanooga at full speed. Being delayed by extra trains they were overtaken a few miles south of Chattanooga. They scattered in the woods, but all were captured. Andrews was tried at Chattanooga as a spy and hanged at Atlanta. Seven others were tried at Knoxville and condemned to death and were later hanged at Atlanta. Fourteen others, after the execution of their comrades, disarmed their guards and escaped. Six were recaptured and eight made good their escape. Six of the eight reached the union lines; the other two were never heard of. The six recaptured were sent to Richmond and were exchanged as ordinary soldiers.

English Bank Notes.

Editor Question Bureau: Will you tell us something about English bank notes? Does the Bank of England pay interest on deposits?—J. G. M., Sardis, Kentucky.

Under the bank charter act of 1844 the Bank of England is authorized to issue notes to the extent of £14,000,000 against securities to an equal value. For every note issued in excess of this sum the act required the bank to hold an equivalent amount of coin and bullion, the silver not to exceed one-fourth part of the gold held. Should, however, any of the other banks authorized by the same act to issue notes cease to do so, the Bank of England was given the power (subject to an order in council) of increasing its fiduciary issue two-thirds of the lapsed issues; but the profit on such further issues belongs to the public. It is by virtue of this provision that the fiduciary issue of the Bank of England now stands at £18,450,000. Current accounts may be opened with it, and ordinary banking business transacted. No interest is, however, allowed on deposits. It is also the chief issuer of bank notes, its notes forming part of the circulating medium of the country, and being legal tender throughout England and Wales.

Ian Maclaren.

Editor Question Bureau: Will you please give a sketch of Dr. Watson (Ian MacLaren), whose death occurred recently?—S. T. H., Redman Mills, Pa.

Dr. John Watson, the English Presbyterian clergyman and author, died at Mount Pleasant, Ia., May 6, 1907. He arrived in New York February 9, and after a few weeks started west on a lecture tour. He reached the town of Mount Pleasant April 23, and two days later was taken ill with tonsilitis. His death was due to the formation of an abscess that formed on his right ear.

Dr. Watson was born at Manningtree, Essex, England, on November 3, 1850. His family went to London a short time afterward, but did not long remain there. The elder Watson was an intensely devout Free Kirk elder, and his wife was noted for her religious strength and unselfish character. It was in the circumstances young Watson grew up under powerful spiritual influences. He first was trained in grammar schools at Perth and Stirling, and then he went to Edinburgh university. Here he speedily acquired a taste for philosophy, and was elected president of the philosophical society of the university. When he had finished his studies he decided to become a Free Kirk minister, and in 1874 was formally licensed and became assistant to Dr. J. H. Wilson in the Barclay church at Edinburgh. In 1875 he was ordained and became minister at Logiealmond, in Perthshire, whose picturesque and sturdy characters he was to make famous twenty years later, for Logiealmond is the Drumtochty of Dr. Watson's tales. It was in this little village that he first conceived the idea of the stories of Scottish peasant life, in which Drumsheugh, Domsie, Peter Bruce and William Maclure have figured. Some of the originals still live in Logiealmond, and recall to inquiring visitors the portraits that "Ian MacLaren" drew.

He subsequently went to St. Matthew's parish in Glasgow, where he acted as Dr. Samuel Miller's colleague. There his brilliant work as a preacher won for him a call to Sefton Park church at Liverpool, where for years throngs listened every Sunday to his sermons, which were noted for clearness, eloquence and logical force. In this parish his work continued for twenty-five years, but in March, 1905, Dr. Watson resigned the pastorate, saying in his farewell address that he was worn out and could not go on. He complained that he was compelled to do his work with bodily weariness, and said his strength had become exhausted.

Since that time Dr. Watson had confined himself to literary work. He first came to America in 1896 as Lyman Beecher lecturer at Yale, and in 1900 he was honored by being elected moderator of the synod of the Presbyterian church of England. In his literary work he was careful and conscientious. He used to say: "My business is preaching, and when I write a story I try to point some great moral truth in my work." His later productions, published under his proper name, were mostly of a religious character, and his Life of the Master, issued in 1901, was considered to be a notable work.

In appearance Dr. Watson was tall, and he was built like an athlete. In his speech there was a certain flavor of the northern land that he loved so well, but his conversation was fluent, and his vocabulary so extensive that he invariably put the right word in the right place. He was a great lover of Scott's works, but used to say that Barrie and Stevenson had divided Scott's kingdom between them. Thackeray also was one of his favorite authors, and he often praised Esmond as the finest novel in the English language.

Miscellaneous.

C. W. P., Hannibal, Mo.: Write to the Department of Justice, Washington, D. C.

C. B. M., Carlyle, Ill.: We cannot give you a biographical sketch of Roger Pocock.

B. W. H., Portland, Ind.: We cannot answer your questions about Alexander Wilford Hall or his philosophy. Presumably, he is still alive.

S. E. H., McPherson, Kan.: Women of the United States can vote only in states that have given them such rights by the passage of equal suffrage laws.

J. B., Avon Park, Fla.: A "casement window" is one which opens on hinges placed at the sides. We cannot give a detailed description.

I. D. R., Durand, Wis.: We know of no bush or shrub called "wauhoo." It might be a local name given to some shrub, but we are unable to classify it.

J. S., Brazos, Tex.: The naturalization of Chinamen is expressly prohibited by the laws of the United States. Answer to your other question was published at length in a recent issue of The Blade.

R. M., Oak Grove, Mich.: Write to the agricultural department for the information you want.

M. E. R., Bergen, O.: There is no public land in Texas. There are more than two million acres of public land in Arkansas. There are land offices at Camden, Dardanelle, Harrison and Little Rock. A letter addressed to either one of these will probably bring the information our inquirer wants.

W. T., Cucamonga, Cal.: The Calluro range of mountains is located in the southeastern part of Arizona, in the counties of Pinal, Graham and Coohise. There is a United States land office at Phoenix. Write there for information.

C. A. W., Altmar, N. Y.: Cannot give you a biographical sketch of Charlotte Braeme, the novelist.

G. G. S., Andrews, Ind.: Please do not ask us what are the twelve greatest novels, or the ten greatest novels, the number that is usually asked for. The answer would be a simple matter of opinion, and while there are those who would have no hesitancy in giving an answer, the Bureau editor is not one of them.

W. W., Harrisville, W. Va.: We are not familiar with the laws of Mexico. There is no reason, however, to believe that the cruelties to which you refer are sanctioned by the laws of that country.

O. O. T., Anderson, Ind.: As a whole, Texas is remarkably healthful, except that in the low grounds and moist prairies malarial fevers are apt to prevail. The coast towns are exposed to visitations of fever, and along the Rio Grande the break-bone fever is endemic.

BANDS POLYCHROMATIC.

When Will You Discard Mourning Bands?

According to hatters, this is a proper question to ask of a man who is seen wearing a black band on his straw hat. Unless one intends to wear mourning, the hatters say, the two-or-more colored band is the only one which should encircle the hat of the 1907 summer man.

Fashion notes of a few months ago announced that hosiery of resonant hue would be done up in packages and deposited on the scrap heap this season. This caused some persons to jump to the conclusion that all blithesome effects were to be excluded from men's garments. Such persons did not foresee the bichromatic or polychromatic hatband.

Like most other extravagances in men's dress, the colored hatband came from the college. This the hatters consider fortunate, as it will give many a man an excuse for wearing one, who might otherwise fail to reconcile his wife to the fanciful fad. "Those are my college colors, my dear," is the explanation which, it is anticipated, will admit of no further objection.

It would take more than one college to account for all the colors which are to be found in some of the bands. One, displayed in a Broadway window, contains all the tints to be found in the flags of the United States, Germany and Mexico, with a touch of Spanish yellow thrown in. The man who would be reminded of the "ould sod" has his choice of any shade of green, of polka dots, of stripes running the long or the short way. Fleur de lis and four-leaf clovers are among the designs shown in bands of white and blue or purple.

Blue, as the color of hope, is especially recommended for widowers. Baseball fans can find nice designs in brown or cardinal. Lemon yellow is deemed appropriate for handbook patrons. Bowlers are shown coolly suggestive shades of amber.

Orders for the colored bands thus far have come chiefly from young men, but the straw hat season is young—should not begin at all until June 15.

It costs 50 cents extra to get a colored band. This can be made up, if economy is sought, by buying a cheaper hat. Some of the bands are sewed on, but more are provided with catches which enable the wearer to remove them and replace the old-fashioned band of black, which still goes with the hat.

ELEPHANTS TAKE RAMBLE

Break Away From Exhibition and Make for the Woods.

There is a colonial exhibition going on at Nogent-sur-Marne, a pretty village near Paris, and from it comes a story quite in the Kipling spirit of a strike on the part of the tame elephants which are a feature of the show. There are twelve of the big beasts, and they are attached to the Indo-Chinese village. As they were supposed to be the tamest elephants in captivity they were not chained or tied up in any way. To create the illusion of a herd roaming the jungle they were turned loose in a copse surrounded by an unobtrusive barrier when they were not busy doing stunts under direction of their keepers.

Nobody knows what prompted the freak, as the elephants haven't told any one, but one fine day, without warning, the whole herd began trumpeting and then moved in solid phalanx on the unobtrusive barrier. They went through it as if it was made of jackstraws, and tramping over the shrubberies and rockeries and butting down numerous "native huts" which were features of the exhibition, they started across country for the Bois de Vincennes, one of the tame forests of Paris, where they proceeded to enjoy themselves as if they were in their native wilds.

They pulled branches off big trees and snapped little ones in two and devoured all the saplings in sight until their keepers, aided by the employes of the show, made a cordon around them and drove them back to their enclosure with sharp hooks and goads. They were hardly back and the barrier patched up around them when they began trumpeting again. With a rush they once again made their way to liberty, creating havoc as they passed.

This time the whole village of Nogent turned out as elephant hunters. When they were surrounded in some meadow land the animals showed no sign of temper. They let themselves be driven quietly back to the show. When they got them there the keepers put heavy chains on the feet of all the wanderers.

Identification by Palate.

Dr. Paul Prager, an army surgeon who has made a special study of methods of identification, recommends that prisoners should be identified by the shape of their palates. He thinks the system far more efficacious than by finger-prints.

Dr. Prager declares that the method would be much more reliable than any at present used, for among the thousands of moulds he has taken of the interior of the human mouth he has failed to find two which even slightly resemble each other.

He says that though the teeth alter greatly with time, the markings of the palate remain unchanged throughout life. The individuality of the palate is greater and more permanent than that of any other part of the body, and a detective force which possessed a large collection of mouth-moulds would have a guide infinitely safer than a gallery of finger-prints.—Vienna Correspondence London Express.

Accommodating.

"You have changed!" sighs the fond wife, while the brutal husband continues to read his paper. "No more do you care to exhibit the little signs of affection in which you once seemed to take delight. Why, I can recall when you persuaded me to have my tooth drawn by promising that you would come to the dentist's with me and hold my hand for me while the tooth was extracted. But now all is different."

She gazes moodily into the fire. Stung by her remarks, the brutal husband mutters to his paper: "You're utterly mistaken. I'd be glad to hold your hand now if you were having a tooth drawn!"—Punch.

TYPHOID AND OYSTERS.

Bivalves Acquitted After an Investigation by a French Scientist.

M. Baylac, a French physiologist, has just reported on an exhaustive study of oysters both from the ocean and inclosed seas, undertaken to determine whether there was any foundation for the idea that the bivalves were infected by the typhoid and other poisonous germs and were the means of causing serious illness in people who eat them.

He concluded that the typhoid microbe by no means infected the oyster. In the rare cases where the oyster absorbed the germ through pollution of the oyster beds it eliminated it again in a day or two, when transferred to pure sea water or when removed from the water altogether.

As to other ailments following the eating of oysters, M. Baylac soon reached the conclusion that they belonged to the same class as those resulting from tainted meat. He then made a study of the liquor exuded by oysters under different conditions, satisfying himself in the first place that its chemical composition underwent no important alteration.

It always contains albumen, ammoniacal salts, silicates, chlorides and a few organic compounds. Next he tried the effect of injecting small quantities of it into the veins of rabbits. He found that with the liquor from fresh oysters he could inject forty-four cubic centimetres before any toxic disturbance was manifested.

With the juice of oysters which had been three days out of the water and which had been exposed to the air at a temperature of 75 degrees, distinct signs of poisoning were produced by the injection of six cubic centimetres. Then he tried oysters which had been kept two days at a temperature of 60 degrees and then freshened in river water slightely salted. A dose of four cubic centimetres from the liquor of these caused poisoning.

M. Baylac forms two general conclusions: First, the danger of typhoid from oysters is negligible unless they have been taken recently from beds exposed to direct infection. Second, oysters are healthful in direct ratio to their freshness. The stomach disorders they produce are not apt to be serious, but become more so in proportion to the time that has elapsed since their removal from their native water and the lack of care in preserving them.

Good Business.

J. A. Everett, the president of the American Society of Equity, said in Indianapolis of a certain deal in stocks.

"This deal reminds me forcibly of an advertisement that once appeared in the Lost and Found column of several Philadelphia newspapers. It ran:

"'FOUND—Yesterday afternoon, on Chestnut street, near the postoffice, a gold watch. Loser may recover same by calling at office of John C. Smith, 287 North Tenth street, and paying cost of this advertisement.'

"Well, John C. Smith sat in his bare office the next morning, and, a little before 9, a rather shabby man entered.

"'About that watch, sir?' he began. He had an anxious, furtive eye.

"The unsophisticated Smith drew a large gold watch from his desk drawer.

"'Is this it?' he asked.

"'The very thing,' said the other, hurriedly. He looked immensely relieved.

"'The advertising costs are $8,' said Mr. Smith.

"The shabby man's face darkened.

"'Eight?' he muttered suspiciously.

"'Eight,' said Mr. Smith. That notice has been running a week in seven papers.'

"The man, with some difficulty, paid the money, for the most part in silver. Then he hastened away with a few words of thanks.

"Mr. Smith, after he was gone, smiled to himself.

"'Ah,' he murmured, 'this watch finding is a mighty good business.'

"And, in preparation for his next visitor, he put in the drawer another gold watch from a large pine box of them that lay under the table."

The Tomb of Walter Scott.

In Dryburgh Abbey, standing among the ruins of the ancient choir, with the afternoon sun shining upon it, we saw the tomb of Walter Scott in St. Mary's aisle. A noble block of Aberdeen granite marks the last resting place of Sir Walter and Lady Scott. The simple inscriptions record the dates of birth and death of the husband and wife. Here also the mortal remains of the novelist's children, and of his son-in-law and biographer, John Gilson Lockhart, of whom Scott wrote affectionately, "Lockhart is Lockhart, to whom I can most willingly confide the happiness of the daughter who chose him, and whom he has chosen."

As we turned from the grave of Walter Scott and wandered across the now roofless and grass-grown refectory, we recalled his last connected words to Lockhart: "My dear, be a good man—be virtuous—be religious—be a good man; nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here."

When we drove back to Melrose to take the train for New Castle and Durham, at which latter place we were to sleep that night, we confided to each other that the hours spent among the familiar haunts of Walter Scott were altogether the sweetest hours of our sojourn in Scotland—Anne Hollingsworth, Wharton, in Book News Monthly.

LONDON AND GRAFTERS.

They Are Severely Dealt With, Being Socialists.

A useful object lesson in the proper treatment of "grafters" is furnished by London. At West Ham, one of the poorer districts of the English capital, nine out of the ten members of the board of guardians have been convicted of receiving bribes from contractors and employes. The sums involved were not large; $500 accepted from a doctor to insure his getting a certain medical appointment represents the largest amount.

But justice has followed with as much swiftness and severity as though thousands of dollars had been stolen. The chief offenders have been sentenced to hard labor, the most drastic form of criminal punishment, for two years. But perhaps the most significant feature of the incident is that these dishonest officials were pronounced Socialists. No doubt the lesson will not be lost on the poor workers who have been robbed of their money. And the revelation will give satisfaction to those voters who recently broke the power of the Socialist movement in municipal London.

ODD ADVERTISEMENTS.

From a German newspaper an observer has culled the following advertisement: "The gentleman who found a purse with money in the Blumenstrasse is requested to forward it to the address of the loser, as he is recognized." The response appeared two days later: "The recognized gentleman who picked up a purse in the Blumenstrasse requests the loser to call at his house at a convenient day."

This advertisement appears in a Swiss paper: "Hotel in a most picturesque site, a distance of a hundred meters from a police station. A physician is attached to the establishment, in which an abundantly supplied American bar presents such attractions that very few customers leave it of their own free will."

At Hanwell, England, lives a woman furniture mover. She has printed on her vans the following appeal to the public: "Don't worry—get married—and keep on moving."

THE PETAL TEST.

We long again for olden days,
For primitive emotion,
And for the tests that grandma had
Of Romeo's devotion.

She took a daisy in her hand
The question great to settle.
"He loves me" and "He loves me not"
She counted by each petal.

The modern maiden does not seek
By such a silly fashion;
She has another surer way
To tell the tender passion.

Before he tells her of his love
The fact she presupposes,
And takes as standard of its truth
The price of hothouse roses.
—New York Sun.

NOTES AND INCIDENTS OF FOREIGN LIFE

The British war office has decided that all books written by officers on full pay must receive war office sanction before publication. The chief of the general staff will be responsible for the sanctioning of any such publications.

Paper pails are the latest sanitary device for the delivery of pure milk in London and other large English towns. They are used only once. They are made of pulp and are sterilized by a heat of 500 degrees Fahrenheit.

Three hundred and fifty Hebrews are officers in the French army.

With reference to a fossil tooth of a hippopotamus found in Iowa, the London Evening Standard doubts whether that proves that the animal ever was an inhabitant of America. It thinks the tooth belonged to a hippopotamus who visited America for dental purposes.

Alderman Penny, of Wimbledon, London, was condemned the other day to pay $125 damages for having said that a certain local grocer put chicory in his coffee. Medical witnesses stated that chicory was a dangerous irritant.

A German newspaper has been started at Tangier, Morocco, in the interests of the ever-growing German trade.

A property owner in Kingston, a London suburb, has posted a notice that "no grandchildren or cats" will be allowed on his premises.

Speaking at Cardiff, Wales, recently, Miss Gawthorpe, a suffragette, stated that a bride's blushes are caused by the knowledge of the kind of man she is going to marry.

Every time the kaiser visits Dantzig, says a London Mail correspondent, all the old warships in the harbor are towed to a position in which he cannot see them. When the correspondent wrote, the process was being gone through with in view of a visit now pending.

Rebuked by an English Sunday school teacher for bringing her little 4-year-old brother to class with her, the sister replied: "If you please, teacher, I want to bring him next Sunday, too, as mother wishes him to have all the pleasure he can before he has a tooth pulled on Wednesday week."

Two Root Stories.

Root stories are numerous. When the secretary was at Panama on his return from South America Governor Magoon gave him a dinner at which were present various dignitaries. An invited banker, who failed to appear, called next day with explanations. A birth had occurred just at that time in his family, by which another girl was added to the six predecessors.

"Too bad it was not a boy," said Governor Magoon, "you might have called him Elihu Root."

"Oh," said the father, "we had decided to call him that if the child had been a boy. But not being able to call the child exactly that, I shall call her Rootine."

A newspaper man having asked the secretary how long he thought the American occupation of Cuba would last, got the following story in reply. A kindergarten teacher asked a class of boys:

"Have you a warm coat?"
"Yes," was the reply.
"Can you take off your warm coat?"
"Yes."
"Has a bear a warm coat?"
"Yes."
"Can a bear take off his warm coat?"
"No."
"Why can not the bear take off his warm coat?"

This puzzled the youngster a moment and then one cub on the back row yelled: "'Cause God only knows where the buttons are!"

THE RETURN.

O, hedges white with laughing May,
O, meadows where we met;
This heart of mine must break today
Unless ye, too, forget.

Breathe not so sweet, breathe not so sweet;
But swiftly let me pass
Across the fields that felt her feet
In the old time that was.

A year ago, but one brief year—
O, happy flowering land—
We wandered here and whispered there,
And hand was warm in hand.

O, crisp white clouds beyond the hill!
O, lavrock in the skies!
Why do ye all remember still
Her bright uplifted eyes?

Red heather on the windy moor,
Wild thyme beside the way,
White jasmine by the cottage door,
Harden your hearts today.

Smile not so kind, smile not so kind,
Thou happy, haunted place,
Or thou wilt strike these poor eyes blind
With her remembered face.
—Alfred Noyes, in The London Mail.

Satisfactory to Him.

An automobile dashed along the country road. Turning a curve, it came suddenly upon a man with a gun on his shoulder and a weak, sick-looking old dog beside him. The dog was directly in the path of the motor car. The chauffeur sounded his horn, but the dog did not move—until he was struck. After that he did not move.

The automobile stopped and one of the men got out and came forward. He had once paid a farmer $10 for killing a calf that belonged to another farmer. This time he was wary.

"Was that your dog?"
"Yes."
"You own him?"
"Yes."
"Looks as if we'd killed him."
"Certainly looks so."
"Very valuable dog?"
"Well, not so very."
"Will $5 satisfy you?"
"Yes."
"Well, then, here you are." He handed a $5 bill to the man with gun, and added pleasantly: "I'm sorry to have broken up your hunt."

"I wasn't going hunting," replied the other as he pocketed the bill.

"Not going hunting? Then what were you doing with the dog and the gun?"

"Going to woods to shoot the dog."—Youth's Companion.

Built From Wreckage.

The village of Mapleton, near Hornsea, furnished a novelty in the shape of a peculiar shed.

The front of the building, which is in the occupation of Ti Ake, joiner, is decorated with the figure of heads and name board of vessels, which have been picked up from time to time on the coast in the immediate neighborhood, and the arrangement is so ingenious that the shed is a constant source of attraction. The Amcott, for instance was wrecked at Aldborough, a few miles farther along the coast, but before the lifeboat could reach her the crew had perished.

The church is close to the shed. It was restored in 1855-56, when a spire was added to the tower. The stone employed for building this was part of the cargo of a vessel wrecked near.—Tit Bits.

LOVE O' SEA.

Give me the cry of the creaking spar,
And the blocks, and the halyards high.
Give me the glint of the gleaming sail,
Taut in the wind's fierce eye.
Give me the sound of the waves a-wash
Close to the slanting lee—
Oh, there's naught in heaven and naught on earth,
Never a love from the day of birth,
That thrills as the love o' sea.

Give me a sky with the wind clouds set
Thick on the fading blue,
A ruffle of breeze in a darkening line,
And the shriek of the storm curlew.
A hissing moan from the waves we spurn
As we sweep to the windward free—
Oh, there's naught in death and naught in life,
Love of mother, or child, or wife,
That calls as the love o' sea!
—Elsie Casseigne King in Yachting.

An Apt Pupil.

The philanthropical Fifth avenue lady visiting a lower East Side Sunday school, says Life. To test the aptness of a particularly indigent cluster of pupils, she took the class in hand to question them.

"Children, which is the greatest of all virtues?"

Not one answered.

"Think a little. What is it I am doing when I give up time and pleasure to come down among you for your moral good?"

A grimy fist went up.

"Well, what am I doing, little boy?"

"Buttin' in!"

COST OF HAVANAS WILL BE INCREASED

The Supply of Tobacco Is Short, Declares Cuban Manufacturer.

New York, July 4.—That the smoking public will have to pay more for imported cigars within the next three months is the opinion of one of the best known cigar manufacturers in Cuba, who is paying a visit to New York, but he adds that the cigars will be of exceptionally good quality.

"In the last year or so," said the manufacturer, "we have been working at a clear loss of $5 on the 1,000 cigars—that is, a loss of fully 10 per cent. The cause of this is the high price of leaf tobacco.

"Taking everything into consideration, our tobacco costs us just three times as much as it did before the Spanish war. The 1906 crop was a failure, and there is no older tobacco left in the island. Consequently the warehouses are cleaned up absolutely and in the factories stocks are exceedingly low.

Crop Is Large.

"It is true that the 1907 crop is large, but it will not be ready to work for some time to come. This crop is of a peculiar character.

"At the beginning of the year it looked as if it would be destroyed by drought. Rain, however, came in the nick of time and saved it, but the leaf as a result of lack of moisture in the earlier stages of its growth is thick and heavy and will take a long time to cure.

"Much of it, indeed, will not be ready for the manufacturer until well on in next year. In the meantime tobacco will be exceedingly scarce, and prices will probably rise higher than ever.

"Again, the cigars made from this tobacco will naturally be heavier than those sold now, and as a greater part of the duty on cigars is assessed by weight there will be an increase in the cost of the cigars landed in this country, and part at least of this will have to be borne by the manufacturer. I estimate that the increase in weight will be at least 15 per cent, and you can figure what that would mean at $3 a pound.

"That the manufacturer losing money at the rate of 10 per cent, as he is, should endure this additional burden without an attempt to recoup himself is hardly to be expected. The matter has been informally discussed by the manufacturers several times and the unanimous opinion has been that cigar prices must go up.

"I think the advance will be about 10 per cent, with which we should do little more than break even. As regards the effect on retail prices, they will have to be raised too. I do not think that there will be any change in the 15 cents, 25 cents, 50 cents or $1 straight cigars, but the dealer will have to charge more for those sizes now selling at two for 25 cents, three for 50 cents, three for a dollar and the like.

Get Money's Worth.

"However, I can give this much consolation, the consumer will get value for his money. For the thick heavy tobacco will make cigars of exceptional richness and aroma, and it is my opinion that he cigars put on the market in 1908 will be the best since 1881, the banner year.

"Concerning the domestic made Havana cigar, I am hardly in a position to speak, but I should think that the domestic manufacturers will also be compelled to raise their prices soonor or lster, for they declare that with present prices of tobacco they are losing money, and there is every indication that they will soon have to pay even more for their raw material."

WOMAN BANK PRESIDENT

Mrs. Bennett Says There Is a Good Field for Women in Banking.

"There is a good field for women in the banking business," declared Mrs. Mary C. Bennett, president of the National bank of Ness City. Mrs. Bennett is one of the few women bank presidents in Kansas, says the Topeka Capital. Besides being president of the bank above mentioned she is vice president of the State Bank of Ransom, a town in Ness county, fourteen miles from Ness City.

"I say there is a good field for women in the banking business because there are more honest women than honest men. Of course there are men who are just as honest as women in the banking business, but women aren't so likely to speculate as are men. It's speculation that often makes trouble and leads to dishonesty."

Mrs. Bennett knows every detail of the banking business as it exists in the country bank. She started in the bank of which she is president fifteen years ago. She was bookkeeper at first. She rose to the position of assistant cashier and after that was elected vice president of the institution. Six years ago she became president. She spends business hours in touch with financial affairs, looking closely after the interests of the bank.

Mrs. Bennett's father was an extensive lumber dealer in Ness City before his death, and her husband is now in the lumber business there. She likes art and is a graduate of the Woman's Institute of Technical Design of New York City.

Turkeys as Coin Fakers.

"This old Roman coin looks all right," said a numismatist, "but it is a fake. It was faked, undoubtedly, by a turkey."

"Faked by a turkey?"

"Even so. Turkeys fake three-fourths of the old Roman coins you find in the cheap curio shops of Italy. Hang the birds, they must add a hundred thousand a year to the Italian revenue.

"It is said that, back in the sixties, a Turin surgeon extracted a nail from a child's stomach, and found the iron to have the same reddish, rusted and corroded look that iron thousands of years old has. He showed the nail to a curio dealer, and this rogue perceived that here was the secret he had long been seeking—the secret of giving to new metal an appearance of immemorial age.

"The curio dealer at once fell to and made a lot of Neronic and Antonine and Augustan coins, forced them down the throats of sundry turkeys, and in a few days, killing the birds, took out the counterfeits.

"They looked splendid. They were all rusted, all eaten away. Their value had gone up a thousand fold.

"Since that day the main duty of the coppery or metallic taste of the turkey served in the Italian restaurants. No wonder, eh?"

Story of a Clever Jackdaw.

In a small cottage in Herefordshire there lived a family who owned a very large but clever jackdaw which was noted for its very witty sayings. One day the jackdaw saw the lid of the stewpot partly off, so thinking he should like a meat dinner he went out and caught a frog and put it in the boiling water in the stewpot, which had in it some pieces of beef. After this the jackdaw went quietly back to his perch and waited till dinner time. All went well till the cook began to share the dinner out before the family.

Every time she pulled a piece of meat out of the pot the jackdaw said, "That's not mine; that's not mine," till at last the cook pulled out the frog, when he exclaimed in a very triumphant voice, "That's mine; that's mine." The shock nearly made the guests faint away, but, nevertheless, the jackdaw got his meat dinner, while the others did without for a change.—Answers.

Intelligent Blind Horses.

The way in which blind horses can go about without getting into more difficulties than they ordinarily do is very remarkable, says a contemporary. They rarely, if ever, hit their heads against a fence or stone wall. They will sheer off when they come near one. It appears from careful observation that the neither shade nor shelter which warns them of the danger. On a absolutely sunless and windless day, their behavior is the same. Their olfactory nerves doubtless become very sensitive, for they will poke their heads downward in search of water fifty yards before they come to a stream crossing the roadway. It cannot be an abnormally developed sense of hearing which leads them to do this, for they will act allke though the water be a stagnant pool. Men who have been blind for any great length of time develop somewhat similar instincts to blind horses.

Value of an Invalid's Experience.

"One day a man who was constantly changing doctors called upon a young colleague of mine, just beginning to practice," said a Brooklyn physician. "Said the patient, 'I lose my breath whenever I attempt to run up stairs. If I hurry, there's a sharp pain in my left side. Those are the symptoms of a serious heart trouble.'

"'Oh, not necessarily,' said the physician. 'There—'

"'Pardon me,' interrupted the patient with acerbity, 'but it is not for a young and unpracticed doctor like you to disagree with an old and experienced invalid like me.'"

**The Camera Fi

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, JULY 11, 1907.

Largest and Best Weekly Published and Largest Circulation.

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover, each week, all news topics of real interest to all wideawake and thinking men. Its editorial page is one of the strongest and most thoughtful in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the free American people.

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THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

Entered at the postoffice at Toledo as second-class mail matter.

Circulation Last Week 175,000

The new $10 silver certificates are yellow, but green will still continue to be a popular shade.

Pugilist Squires knocked out in two minutes! That's less time than it took to defeat Judge Parker.

It isn't so much a question of what a cocktail is made of as what it does to the man who drinks it.

Rarely a day passes that we do not read stories of the faithfulness of dogs and the unfaithfulness of men.

Those warships in the Pacific mean nothing, but Japan will not have to pay an admission fee to look at them.

"There are more than 50,000 words in Oklahoma's constitution." No wonder Mr. Bryan says it is the best ever.

It is always the trusted employe who runs away with the bank's funds. The other kind never gets a chance.

A college professor rises to remark that the human soul resembles an oyster. Of course, having seen an oyster, he knows.

This for the man with the big head to paste in his hat: Edison says "we know one seven-billionth about anything."

Because he has been made a doctor of literature, Mark Twain will not treat poetry for bad feet. He is not a chiropodist.

Nearly every other man thinks he could run a newspaper or handle a United States treasury surplus as well as anybody.

Uncle Sam doesn't have to hunt up the owner of the Pacific ocean and ask him if he can send a few warships over its bounding billows.

Men who can find no other excuse for not going to Kansas to help harvest the wheat crop can pretend that they are afraid of the little green bug.

We do not remember of having read any nature faking stories about the mosquito. Everybody seems to understand the mosquito's habits.

Had short sleeves never come into fashion many men might have gone through life in the belief that there were such things as dimpled elbows.

We should be charitable. Maybe some of those Tokio newspapers have to lick the United States once a week in order to hold their circulation.

Gladys Vanderbilt, who has just come of age, is said to be the richest girl in America. No, we are not allowed to publish addresses in this column.

Persons who thought that The Hague peace conference was going to be as lively as a political convention are beginning to feel their disappointment.

Few men, though they may be smart enough to become trusted bank employes, rarely possess sufficient cleverness to get away with stolen money.

John D. Rockefeller told the assessor that his eight automobiles were worth only $1,300. He must have known that the assessor didn't want to buy them.

There are said to be 800,000 Japanese in Korea. Under such circumstances, any school boy could guess that there isn't much glory in Korea for Koreans.

Ex-Senator Peffer says he was the first to formulate the policy of railroad regulation. However, it was not that, but his whiskers that made him famous.

There are many people who will be glad to hear that Mr. Grover Cleveland is sufficiently recovered from his recent illness to be able to resume his fishing.

Some good people have become aroused over the menace of "unwritten law." But what can they do about it? It certainly won't do any good to have it written.

Somebody should push along that idea of selling eggs by weight. Some of those that now go toward making up a full dozen are no larger than hailstones.

Through the frankness of Mr. Rockefeller on the witness stand the public has learned that the business of the Standard Oil company is the production of oil.

There is a rumor that Count Boni de Castellane and his former wife are "about to kiss and make up." The friends of the woman should warn her that kissing is dangerous.

Lots of people in the country are getting over that old notion of thinking about electing a Democratic President every time there is a surplus in the United States treasury.

A Washington preacher declares that "hell is in the sun." But, then, he may know no more about it than the good old pastor who used to tell us that it is in the opposite direction.

A Missouri judge courted a widow for fifteen years and then dropped dead when she accepted his proposal of marriage. It will continue to be useless, however, to warn men that widows are dangerous.

Mr. Rockefeller, when he got into court, didn't forget himself and imagine he was talking to his Sunday school in Cleveland. Any time that he felt like getting up and saying to the court, "Now, my dear little friends, I want to tell you the story of Daniel in the lion's den," all he had to do was to look at his lawyers—then he remembered where he was.

GOVERNORS OF STATES ON THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC

In The Blade of today will be found an article showing the remarkable growth of temperance sentiment throughout the country as reported by the governors of the several states. The findings of these executives make interesting reading, not only to temperance workers, but only to those engaged in the liquor traffic.

The governor of every state, except Wyoming, reports a wonderful growth in the temperance movement and the enactment and enforcement of stringent laws regulating or prohibiting the sale of intoxicants. Local option is a favorite and powerful weapon used and through this method the extent of dry territory is being rapidly increased. In a number of the southern states county option laws are in force and in some instances nearly the whole state has outlawed the saloon.

Not only do the governors report a growth in temperance sentiment and law enforcement, but they also note that with the driving out of the saloon there has come a decrease in crime, better morals and better government. The governor of North Dakota, for example, says that prohibitory laws are so well enforced and are so bulwarked by public sentiment that in many counties there are no jails and few criminals.

Governor Hoch, of Kansas, refers to Kansas City, Kansas, as being the largest city in the United States without saloons and Topeka the only state capital in which intoxicants are not sold. He declares the prohibition laws are better enforced than ever before, and commenting on conditions generally says:

> The state was never so free from saloons and joints as it is today. It was never so prosperous as it is now, materially and financially. I do not believe that there is anywhere on earth 1,600,000 people maintaining a higher standard of morals than the 1,600,000 who constitute the population of Kansas, nor do I believe that there are anywhere else on earth a similar number of people enjoying such freedom from pauperism and poverty. We have not only proved the wisdom of the prohibition policy, so far as the moral and intellectual interests of the people are concerned, but we have established its wisdom from a financial standpoint.

The reports of the governors agree on one point, and that is that public sentiment against the traffic is growing at a remarkable rate and that the enactment of temperance legislation, widespread and stringent, is simply the crystallizing into law of the wishes and demands of the people.

The great liquor associations recognize the onward and apparently resistless sweep of temperance reform. The National Brewers' association and the National Liquor Dealers' association, both in session recently at Atlantic City, "viewed with alarm" the work of the temperance forces the past year, and both organizations adopted resolutions urging the getting together of the liquor men and the establishing of an enormous fund to fight further legislation. They declare the traffic is in danger of annihilation and that the temperance forces are better organized than ever before, more persistent in their demands, and that back of them is unlimited means to push their work. These liquor dealers see the handwriting on the wall and are now exerting all their energies to avert the utter disaster to their business which seems inevitable.

With higher license, stricter regulation and an ever increasing dry territory through local option the internal revenue department reports an increase in the amount of liquor sold. This anomaly has not been explained except on the ground that either fewer people are drinking more intoxicants or that more families keep liquor in the home, and by having it convenient use more than they would otherwise.

However, if the temperance whirlwind continues to rage, and there is evidence that it will increase in force rather than diminish, the effect will be to lessen the amount of liquors consumed. It is to avoid this that liquor dealers are trying every expedient, while to bring it about the temperance forces are wielding their most powerful weapons.

ANOTHER WAR BOGIE.

Minister Aoki has informed nervous people that Japan won't take offense if Uncle Sam concludes to sail his war vessels around the cape and anchor them in Pacific waters. No sooner had it been announced that the program of the war department contemplated a mobilization of several battleships in that quarter of the world than the yellow journals got busy. Japan never would stand for a demonstration of that character. It would mean war at the very outset. And from German sources similar expressions were heard until timid Americans were actually trembling with fear.

But bless your dear quaking hearts Japan has no protectorate over the Pacific ocean, nor does she claim any. Our warships can traverse that vast expanse of water in perfect security. We are violating no international law when we send our fighting monsters to the west side. As long as our mariners conduct themselves properly on the high seas they have no reason to fear a Japanese attack. Japan is not out with a lantern searching for enemies. She is engaged in building up her commerce, educating her people and recovering from the effects of her encounter with Russia. She has no time nor inclination to pick petty quarrels.

DEMAND FOR BETTER RAILS.

There is encouragement to the traveling public in the fact that the railroad managers themselves have gone into the matter of rail construction and are demanding of manufacturers a better quality of product. At a conference held recently in New York it was said that for the first three months of the present year there were nearly 3,000 cases of defective rails in that state alone. In the single month of February 449 rails were either broken or found to contain serious flaws. This discovery as a result of an investigation following many accidents has compelled the railroads to take cognizance.

The manufacturers refuse to accept all the burden of responsibility. While admitting that steel rails are not what they should be, they claim that the railroads refuse to pay the higher price which the better grade of rails should bring and use a lighter rail than the heavy equipment now employed demands. The market price of rails as now made is $28 per ton, and the manufacturers purpose advancing the price for perfect rails to $33 per ton.

Discussing the results of the investigation, the current Outlook suggests that it is another argument in favor of government supervision. But why should federal intervention be necessary in a matter of so much vital importance to the corporations that have everything at stake? The railroad companies ought to understand the value of maintaining a safe track. Every accident is a heavy tax on the property. We have no doubt the total loss to American railways by accidents that can be traced directly to defective rails or imperfect equipment would more than pay the difference required to equip every mile of railroad with sound, heavy rails. The manufacturers must likewise favor a reform lest the railroads, as the Pennsylvania has threatened to do, establish steel mills for making their own rails. From a business point of view, even if there were no humanitarian reasons, we should suppose the manufacturers and railroads would co-operate to improve the quality of rails and bring our railroads nearer to the standard of European railways.

LAWN FETES AND THE PRESIDENCY

Indiana statesmen have queer ideas of conducting campaigns for the presidency. They are ingenious in devising novel plans for attracting attention. Years ago when Benjamin Harrison became a candidate his residence in Delaware avenue, Indianapolis, was known as one of the most exclusive homes in that city. When his campaign was fully opened the residents of Indianapolis were surprised to find the grounds and house open to all comers and his entertainments are still the talk of the city.

Vice President Fairbanks evidently expects to win by the same methods, for his beautiful home is now open and a series of lawn fetes are being held on the spacious grounds. There not only all his neighbors are being entertained, but likewise politicians and others who happen to be visiting in the Hoosier state capital.

May we now expect to hear that Secretary Taft is giving croquet parties and that Senator Knox is entertaining at tennis?

RAILROAD WRECK PUBLICITY.

Yielding to a suggestion of one of his officials, E. H. Harriman has issued an order that henceforth there is to be no concealment of facts concerning accidents on his lines. Newspapers are to be furnished all possible information, and at inquests officials and employes on the Harriman roads must assist in every way to get at the truth.

This policy is so diametrically opposite that which has been pursued by the railroads that the Harriman announcement has created a genuine sensation in railroad circles. But the reason advanced is a fair answer to the skeptics. The officer at whose suggestion the departure is made declares that the present secretive policy of the railroads has encouraged train crews to disobey rules and disregard signals. Knowing that in case of accidents the entire machinery of the road will be employed to hush up the matter and keep the facts from the newspapers, engineers and conductors prefer running the risk of an accident to being disciplined for failure to make their schedule.

But the public is not so much concerned as to the reason why Mr. Harriman has introduced an innovation in railroading. It is interested in watching developments. We believe that a thorough test of the publicity idea will prove its wisdom. It should be the aim of every railroad to avoid wrecks, for they are expensive. In order to prevent them, railroad superintendents must determine the cause, and if everyone connected with the road is instructed to seal his lips, how are the facts to be ascertained? If the fault lies in the negligence of the engineer or the disobedience of the conductor, or in the carelessness of the train dispatcher, the culpable employe should be discovered and discharged. If there are defective rails or imperfect equipment, the railroad company should locate the difficulty in order that it may guard against future accidents. In fact it is difficult to conceive of a case when it is not to the railroad's interest to have the truth published. And surely the transportation line that takes the people into its confidence will be more liberally patronized than the one that seeks, by evasion and concealment, to escape responsibility.

"ROOSEVELT—DEMOCRAT."

In the July Success Robert Lee Dunn gives some delightful reminiscences of his experience while traveling with President Roosevelt. Dunn is a photographer as well as a writer, and this story is profusely illustrated with snap shots of the President under unusual conditions. For example, there is a half-page picture of the President taking pot luck at a barbecue in Indian Territory "in a plug hat and frock coat digging into a greasy pot with a fork and eating—well, whatever it happens to be." Two entire pages are devoted to other scenes in which the President is the central figure, all in harmony with the text which treats of "Roosevelt—Democrat."

Mr. Dunn has given his readers an insight of the chief executive's character in the rough, when he is on the wing for recreation or campaign, and it is an insight that attracts because it reveals to the people their President as intensely human, impetuous, sometimes hasty, with just a taste of ill-temper, but always showing a rugged regard for the homely virtues, quick to resent an affront and as prompt to recognize a favor to himself or an act of generosity toward another. It is a word picture of the man who extends the square deal to others and demands the square deal for all.

TEXAS WILL BE "DRY."

The entire state of Texas will be without saloons for ten or twenty days after July 12. As all saloon licenses expire on that day and as it will require from two to three weeks thereafter for applications for new licenses to be heard and decided, it has been determined to close all saloons for that period.

The liquor dealers frankly say they will take a vacation and it is probable they will do so as the temperance sentiment is strong in that state and they realize if they disregard the law they will be heaping up trouble for themselves. About three-fourths of the big state is already dry territory and any demonstration on the part of the saloon men will put more of them out of business.

But suppose, after a trial of twenty days, the people of Texas should decide the change is a good thing and should set to work to make it perpetual? There is a strong prohibition feeling in that state and it is difficult to tell what may happen. The experiment will, at least, be interesting.

THE VALUE OF THE WEEKLY BLADE.

A subscriber from Kansas writes us a long, interesting letter, which we would like to publish in full. We herewith give some extracts which will be interesting, knowing that many thousands of our present readers have had like experience. He begins by saying:

"I have taken The Weekly Blade since 1890. Before that it was in my father's family a dozen or more years. My father admired the Nasby letters, and I read them from my boyhood to the end. The Blade habit is so firmly fixed in my family that we cannot do without it. The Question Bureau in all these years has been more educational to me than all I ever learned in my schoolboy days. My two boys have better school advantages than I had, and they also are students of the Question Bureau. I will say nothing of the other departments, equally good, and which we devour each week with great satisfaction, but I do want to say something of my expense account in this connection. In cash outlay for sixteen years I have paid for The Blade much less than the cost of an ordinary suit of clothes. But what I have got in return would buy a fine flock of sheep. I wish I had kept a record of my profits earned from the dear old Weekly Blade. It would astonish you. Years ago I bought a Blade sewing machine for $13.50 which at that time here would have cost me $60.00. And of Blade watches I have bought perhaps fifty during ten years, and sold them at a profit averaging $5.00 or more each. My wife buys all the patterns she needs of The Blade, at a saving of more than The Blade costs. She has a Blade washing machine, several pairs of Blade curtains, and say, I can't remember half. How do you make your money, anyhow? I feel like thanking you for all you have done for me mentally and financially. Your paper will always come to our house."

We are pleased with this letter, as it justifies what we have claimed for The Blade, that it is worth a dozen times the cost in any family, and it is an expense to be without it.

THE NERVE OF SCHMITZ.

Few men are vouchsafed the nerve that is possessed by Mayor Schmitz, of San Francisco. Although tried and convicted of extortion on testimony that seems unimpeachable, Schmitz has announced from the jail, where he is confined awaiting sentence, that he will be a candidate for mayor and is already laying plans for his preliminary campaign. Whether the man is actually in earnest or whether he hopes by putting up a bold front to reassure his political henchmen, who show signs of weakening because of recent developments, it is difficult to say, but for an exhibition of magnificent gall, Schmitz's latest move stands without parallel.

Sentence will likely be imposed on the San Francisco mayor early next week, and he may then begin to realize that the reformers of that city are not making a bluff. It will surprise no one if Schmitz, when he finds his last avenue of escape closed, changes his demeanor and loosens his tongue. It is believed he can be of real service in the work of hunting down the rascals "higher up."

SMITH AND THE NEGRO.

Hoke Smith, Georgia's new governor, was superbly radical in his inaugural address. He covered a wide range of subjects, but he devoted himself largely to state's rights, a new election law, the corporations, campaign contributions and the race question.

Mr. Smith's opinion of the negro is of special interest because he differs materially from many well meaning people who regard education as an essential factor in the development of the race. But Mr. Smith, while admitting that the negro is a human being, has discovered that he thrives best in slavery. The governor says:

> Any plan for the negroes which fails to recognize the difference between the white and black races will fail. The honest student of history knows that the negro had full opportunity for generations to develop before the days of slavery; that the negro race was improved by slavery and that the majority of the negroes in this state have ceased to improve since slavery. Few have been helped by learning from books. All have been helped who have been taught or made to work.
>
> The negro child should be taught manual labor and how to live. The negro teacher should be selected less by book than by character examination. The negro school should help the negro, not injure him. Racial differences cannot be overcome by misguided philanthropists.
>
> Superiority does not justify cruelty. The man who breaks the law to punish a criminal is himself a criminal. There is no place in Georgia for riots and mobs. It is the duty of the governor to exhaust the power of his office to enforce the law and to prevent lynching, and I shall perform this duty. I recognize the duty of the white man to be absolutely just to the negro.
>
> The inference is that they who are devoting their energies and resources to educating the negro are complicating a problem that has already taxed the patience of the south. He doesn't advocate a return to the barbarism of slavery, for he knows that is repugnant to our institutions, but one could imagine that if Mr. Smith knew of some way in which the negro could be kept under subjection without the degradation attached to slavery, he would hail it as an intelligent solution of the problem. But "subjection" has an ugly sound to it and so Mr. Smith substitutes "manual labor." Keep the negro's nose to the grindstone, deprive him of books and such trash, and constantly impress on him his inferiority, if we would maintain the barrier of social equality. That in substance is Mr. Smith's doctrine, and we should say that it is not so far removed from slavery.
>
> But in the meantime some people in the south, aided by money and co-operative effort from the north, are laboring to educate the negro and uplift him, to show him there is something else in life than work and something beyond the present life worth striving for. If Governor Smith's theory is correct, then these altruistic individuals are making trouble, not relieving conditions. But we cannot accept the governor's views. There is an incongruity in investing the negro with humanity and measuring his value by the brute standard. Even the most radical negro hater cannot deny that the race is susceptible of education, and it is ridiculous to assert that while knowledge improves the white man it deteriorates the colored man. But the truth is, men like Smith are so prejudiced by the bogie of social equality that they cannot be patient with any proposition which has for its object the intellectual betterment of these unfortunate people.
>
> As to the final paragraph in the quotation from the governor's speech, there can be no dissent from it by any good citizen and we only hope that it is no empty vaporing. Georgia has had its share of rioting and lynching. The affair in Atlanta was more disgraceful than all the alleged outrages which were held responsible for it. The governor declares he will exhaust every power in his command to enforce the law in this respect, and if he maintains this attitude throughout his administration, Georgia should prosper morally as well as materially.

TESTING THE TWO-CENT RATE.

Last winter the legislature of Illinois passed a two-cent-a-mile railroad law similar to the one now in effect in Ohio. Of course, the railroads objected, but instead of fighting the new law in the courts, as is now being done in Pennsylvania, the roads in Illinois have decided to accept the law experimentally. Their rates will be revised to the two-cent basis and if the result is unsatisfactory they will present the findings to the courts as proof that the new law inflicts loss to the roads.

The probabilities are the Illinois roads will not bother the courts. Here in Ohio there was no test made of the law. The roads readjusted their schedules and their business and, on the whole, there is little complaint. Passes were discontinued, reduced rates were withheld, while the passenger traffic increased. We believe that, for the most part, the railroads of Ohio are content with the change. There is no reason why the roads of Illinois should not have a similar experience.

THE LIMIT OF PREJUDICE.

Booker T. Washington cannot lease a house for the summer at Mamaroneck, a Long Island resort, although the agent to whom he applied is a personal friend. So Mr. Washington has taken a place in the village of Oyster Bay. Whenever the radical Bishop Turner delivers himself of an unpatriotic utterance and takes the people of the United States to task for their narrow prejudice, something happens in some part of the country that bids us pause before beginning a castigation of the clergyman.

DICKENS SPOKE TO HIM

What the Great Author Said to the Yankee Boy.

Henry C. Robinson, a witty lawyer, who used to live in Hartford, Conn., told the following anecdote one evening when he was introducing an English author to a Hartford audience:

"The most famous Englishman whom I ever saw was Charles Dickens, who lectured here in Hartford when I was a young boy.

"I had read some of the stories of this great writer, and I was most anxious to catch a glimpse of the man himself. So on the afternoon when he was expected to arrive I walked up and down the street in front of the hotel where I knew he was to stay.

"The hotel was built close to the sidewalk and the long windows of the parlor were so low that the passerby could easily see into the room.

"I soon realized that a gentleman was sitting within reading a paper. I stepped close up under the window and pressed my face against the glass, eager to get a good look at the stranger. Yes, it was he! It really was! I had seen his picture often and couldn't be mistaken. I stared and stared, anxious to impress every feature upon my memory. After a few moments he turned and saw me there, the little eager Yankee boy, gazing up at his face; and then the famous man, laying aside his paper, actually spoke, so that I really heard the voice of the great Charles Dickens himself, and he was really talking to me!"

Here Mr. Robinson paused impressively and someone on the platform inquired, "What did he say, Mr. Robinson?"

"He said," replied Mr. Robinson, in subdued tones, "'Go away, little boy, go away!'"

Wanted Quick Action.

A group of New York brokers were talking about John W. Gates' rooms in the New Plaza hotel, rooms for which he pays $46,000 a year.

"Well," said an elderly bachelor, "if Mr. Gates' business had all been conducted with women, as so much of mine is, he wouldn't be living in such rooms as those.

"Mr. Gates was discussing women's ideas about business the other night. He said a woman whom he knew once mailed her broker this note:

"'Please buy for my account 1,000 shares of P. D. Q. at 75. Sell at 100, and be sure to send me the profits by noon tomorrow, as I am going out of town.'"

WORK FOR THE HANDICAPPED

Jobs Found for the Dumb, the Halt and the Blind by the Charity Organization Society of New York.

What would you do for a young chap of 23, a Slav, with little knowledge of English, and a four-inch stump in place of a righ arm, if he should come to you for a job? He lost his job and his arm while working for a big corporation in Pennsylvania. After that "the company" couldn't use him any more, and if he doesn't get a job pretty soon he will join the "idle poor" on a park bench—the first station on the road to the almshouse. What would you do for such a fellow?

That's the sort of a question which must be answered many times a day by the Agent in charge of the Special Employment Bureau for the Handicapped conducted by the Charity Organization Society of New York city. This bureau is the first of its kind in this country. The lame, the halt, the blind, the deaf, the dumb, recent graduates from the insane hospital, the prison and the consumptive sanatorium, the aged, the mentally defective—all these and more with "handicaps" too numerous to mention, come to this unique bureau looking for jobs.

And the best part of it is, surprising as it may seem, that work is found in most cases—not day jobs, but steady employment where a man can support himself and his family decently. Since the bureau was organized in March, 1906, 773 of the handicapped have called at the office of the bureau, and during the past month alone work has been found for 47 men. The job isn't usually hunting for the man, however.

It's an interesting and pathetic lot of applicants that stump or grope their way to the office of the bureau. Here is a young fellow just discharged from a hospital after being laid up for weeks with a fractured knee. Well and strong and willing to work, a stiff leg prevents his doing anything that requires stooping or climbing. He has no trade, no education to speak of; literally he's "up against it hard." Luckily he has one asset, he can drive; but the leg is too stiff for work on a truck or delivery wagon. But why not a cab driver? Finally a loan of $27 was granted, the man joined the union, climbed on the box and is now earning $15 a week. He is saving money, and is planning to get his home together again.

This man is a badly deformed hunchback. Hard physical work is out of the question, so the bureau has placed him in a business institution where he is studying telegraphy nights. Another applicant minus a leg, is learning linotype operating.

From a musician to a manicurist is quite a jump, but a girl came to the bureau not long ago unable to keep up her work as a pianist. Her arms had given out, and work must be found. Now she is in a "manicuring school," and before long she will be able to make a living.

Then there are boys to be taken care of. One young man with congenital hip disease works around the grounds of a country hospital. Another, without parents or friends, cast on the world by an institution which failed to instruct him in any trade, with mental handicap as well, has been found a place as a stable man.

Pathetic as are many of the stories of the young men and boys left so far behind in the race, it is the old man who has played the game for so many years, and failed in the end, that awakens the most sympathy. One man of 79 who was once successful in business, but lost all in a bad year, has been settled as a handy man in a country drug store. Another, 75 years of age, is a trusted man in the household of a country town where he has charge of the children when the parents are away.

Nor is it all smooth sailing either for the man who gets the job or for the bureau after it gets it for him. In New York not long ago, an Italian, speaking no English whatever, was thrown out of work because he did not know what it meant to work as a "scab" during a strike. This man had come to America with a family and six hundred dollars. After he left Ellis Island he went to Texas, but in a few weeks he was back in New York minus a job and also minus the six hundred dollars. He and his wife and son found work easily enough as "scabs," and the money was pouring in in a way that they had never dreamed of before. But the strikers won and the family was destitute. Of course the union refused to take in "scabs" and the agent of the employment bureau thought that under these circumstances this attitude, from the union point of view at least, was all right. In the back room of a cheap saloon the agent of the bureau met the representatives of the union, and in the end they decided to forget the past and put the man through the examination necessary for installation in the brotherhood.

The agent is getting in touch with manufacturers needing help who desire to place families in residences near their factories. Two families have already been sent, and two others, one numbering thirteen, will soon go.

These are sample problems that the bureau is meeting every day. There is one fact that continually forces itself before the agent trying to find places for men who do not know how to do any one thing well. That is that there is a real need for practical education for the boys and the girls of today—an education that will make them able to say, "One thing I know." That very thing gives confidence to learn another.

The formation of the National Society for the Promotion of Industrial Education shows how widespread is the feeling that education, to be of use, must be practical. Many are called to be musicians and artists, but few are chosen who are able to get from either the bread of life, to say nothing of the butter.

WORK OF A JUVENILE POLICE FORCE

How the Boys and Girls of Council Bluffs Preserve Order on the Fourth

Council Bluffs, Iowa, July 6.—"Here, chief, this here kid was firing cannon crackers out there in Broadway and I 'rested him like you told me to do."

That's what a diminutive boy, with a bright police shield pinned on his breast, said to Chief of Police Richmond of Council Bluffs, as he half dragged a boy of his own age into the chief's office at the city hall. The boy with the shield was one of Council Bluffs' boy-policeman, and the other boy had just been arrested by the little officer, on a charge of shooting fireworks before the "glorious Fourth," which was against the laws in this city. And the arrest made by the little fellow was just as binding as though an officer of mature years had taken the culprit in custody.

Both boys were as serious as could be—one serious with the responsibilities with which he was clothed; the other, with the fact that he had been arrested, and was even then within the doors of the big jail.

With the aid of its "Children Police," Council Bluffs has practically solved the problem of a "safe and sane" Fourth of July, and instead of a large number of extra policemen chasing excited youngsters through the streets on Independence day, twenty-five boys and girls, each armed with a policeman's shield and the knowledge that the majesty of the law is behind them, patrol the city and prevent the usual infractions of the law which come with the Fourth of July every year. That is, these infractions come to other cities, but not to Council Bluffs. Once they came here, but there is practically no rowdyism in this city now.

The childrens' police is a distinctive feature of Council Bluffs and the practice of appointing a new force each year has been in vogue in Council Bluffs for several years past. The idea originated with Chief of Police Richmond and since it was inaugurated there has not been a serious accident, nor has there been a case of lockjaw as the result of a Fourth of July accident in all Council Bluffs.

Four years ago Chief Richmond, who is known as the "Boys' Friend" hit upon the idea of securing the aid of the boys in his efforts to control the shooting of fire works on Independence day.

"Five boys had been arrested several days before the Fourth," says Richmond, "all charged with shooting, prematurely, on the streets. They were brought before me at the police station and I decided to enlist them in restraining others from breaking the rules. I called the five boys into my office and asked them if they would not assist me in keeping the law. I told them just how they had broken the law and why the laws were made. I then appointed them special policemen and gave to each a bright new star. I treated them just like they were men and told them to arrest any boys they found shooting fireworks before time to do so.

"The boys gravely accepted the responsibilities, and left my office with the intention of patroling the city."

"Two hours later there was a struggle outside in the corridor and in a moment my door flew open. Two of the little policemen were half dragging a third boy, who was fighting his level best. As they entered the room one of the boys called out:

"'Here, Chief, this here kid was firing cannon crackers out there in Broadway and I 'rested him and brung him to you. He wouldn't come, but we brung him anyway.'

"I explained the case to the young culprit and told him how he had placed other people in danger. Then I invited him to join our force and help keep order.

"The other 'policemen' at first objected to this, but after I showed them that it was the right thing to do, they caught the spirit and welcomed their new ally. So I sent the new one out with a star just like the other boys had.

"The next morning about a thousand boys were lined up in front of the station when I came in. All wanted to be policemen.

COUNCIL BLUFFS' "KID" POLICE FORCE.

"I selected twenty-five and dismissed the others with the promise that another year I would change the squad and take new ones in. But one condition was that no boy who had to be arrested would ever be appointed on our juvenile force. Not half a dozen arrests were necessary that year."

The next year the chief added several little girls to his force and they were the very proudest little girls that ever walked the streets of Council Bluffs. They went round to all the residences cautioning others not to use cannon crackers and to wait until the Fourth for their fireworks.

And then a new spirit was noticed among the older boys and young men. There were so many law-abiding little fellows in Council Bluffs that the older "tough" element began to catch the spirit and without knowing exactly what was in the air, they began to pay more attention to the smaller laws which they were in the habit of neglecting. The poolroom crowds, the saloon loafers and people of that class began to notice that the "rising generation" was not represented by so many delegates, and they wondered what was the matter.

There is no juvenile court in Council Bluffs. A juvenile court is not necessary. The juvenile police has rendered it so. There are not enough juvenile criminals in Council Bluffs now to hold a session of court once a month. And to the little policemen of the town that condition is due.

COPPER FOR GOLD.

Bank of England Branch Swindled in an Unusual Way.

A remarkable story of halfpennies being substituted for half sovereigns was told at the Manchester city police court yesterday, says London Daily Mail, when Henry Douglas Anderson, who had been employed at the Manchester branch of the Bank of England and after absconding had been arrested in Canada, was charged with stealing £1,081.

In stating the case for the prosecution P. E. Smith, M. P., said that the prisoner's duty was that of separating lightweight gold coins from those of full weight, and he had to put the full weight coins into bags which he had to label and sign. On July 31 he absented himself, and on August 2 the bank issued twenty-five bags of half sovereigns to Messrs. Williams, Deacon's bank, and fourteen of them, which had been made up by the prisoner, were found to have been tampered with, half sovereigns having been replaced by the necessary number of half-pennies to make up the correct weight. Two other bags in the bank's treasury which bore his signature were also found to have been tampered with in the same way, and the total sum missing was £1,081.

On September 13 the bank received a letter from the prisoner in Winnipeg, in which he practically admitted his guilt and made reference to the mad act he had committed.

Evidence was given by a number of bank clerks, including a retired detective inspector, named John Woolven, who, describing his search for Anderson, said he went down to Whitstable-on-Sea, and found the prisoner's wife and family living there. In a drawer he found £647.

A Change of System.

Shortly after the railway companies abolished the pass privilege a certain United States senator, who had held his office many years and had carried a pass all that time, boarded a train for Washington. He had forgotten to provide himself with the necessary ticket. Presently the conductor came along. He was one of the oldest men on the line, and the senator, who had made many a trip with him before, cordially extended his hand.

"How are you, Gregory?" he said.

"First-rate, senator," answered the conductor. "Glad to see you looking so well."

"Thank you, Greg. But why are you offering me your left hand?"

"Because I don't want my left hand to know what my right hand is doing."

"What is your right hand doing?"

"It's reaching for your fare, senator," said the conductor, extending it with a grim smile.—Youth's Companion.

CURRENT EVENTS

Railways of United States need the sands of young men in telegraphy.

The railroads of this country are a to use 84,000,000 ties per annum.

Philadelphia health board prohibit kissing games among children.

The output of the gold mines of Transvaal averages $10,000,000 a mon

The invention of the typewriter h given work to more than 1,000,0 women.

Forty thousand persons are engag in the manufacture of stockings England.

Milwaukee officials may select wo en to complete the membership of larged school board.

The amount of coal taken into L don, England, each year is well o 9,000,000 tons.

Germany alone sends to London nually 20,000,000 feathers of birds millinery purposes.

Miss Italia Blair, of Chicago, is m ried in Paris to Don Ricardo Soriano Ivanrey, a noted Spaniard.

Miss May Sutton regains the inter tional tennis championship, defeati Mrs. Chambers, of England.

Tommy Burns knocks out B Squires, of Australia, in the first ro of boxing bout at San Francisco.

"Bill" Squires, despondent over defeat, awaits the first boat to t him back to his home in Australi

Professor Stetson, of Kalamazoo, clared unwritten law a menace to nation and worse than duel.

Physician of Blackwell's Island pe tentiary says Abe Hummel, the graced New York lawyer, is dying

Dr. C. F. Aked, pastor of John Rockefeller's New York church, t out his first naturalization papers.

There were 35,918 emigrants fr Ireland to England last year, an crease of 4,764 over the previous ye

Rev. Johnston Myers succeeds in gaging a brass band to increase the tendance at his Chicago Baptist chu

Theodore Roosevelt is not the o to give Oyster Bay presidential tinction. George Washington spent two days there.

Kansas witnesses the passing of schoolmaster, male teachers being placed rapidly by women, who w for smaller salaries.

The Salvation army is established fifty-two countries and colonies preaches the gospel in thirty-one guages.

The largest plow ever built has successfully used on a Texas ra The implement clears a strip of gro seven feet wide.

One of the best architects in world is the oriole. Its graceful contains four to six whitish e marked with black and brown.

Probably the oldest dog in the st of Maine is Jack, owned by C. E. Fr man, of Norway. Mr. Freeman cla that the dog is 32 years old.

American statistics show that wail of a British scientist about the crease in the size of the heads of men of his nation does not hit Ame cans.

Miss Anna Eckstein, of Boston, p sents to The Hague peace confere a petition signed by 2,000,000 Ame cans asking for a general arbitrat treaty.

The largest frog is now stated to the new Rana goliath, from the Ca eroons, with a head and body meas ing not less than 10 inches.

The gypsies of Granada, Spain, unique among the race as cave dw ers, living in recesses hollowed out a hillside not far from the city.

New York postman, aged 83, said to the oldest letter carrier in the coun who has been in the service continuou for 50 years, will retire July 16.

Congressman Rainey, of Illinois, wa Tammany that Roosevelt intends to en the race for re-election and declares Bryan is the man to defeat him.

Two prominent Chinese from Shang have paid a visit to Manila and pla large orders with American firms farm machinery to be used in Manchu

Witnesses for the defense in the H wood trial at Boise weary the court endless stories of militia rule in Co rado, which apparently have nothing do with the case.

In Germany sound-proof building blo are made of a mixture of gypsum w sawdust, coke, dirt or ashes. Some ch ical skill is required to make the mixtu

Fifteen-pound pickerel, hooked on trolling line at Chippewa Lake, Mi draws the line around the keel of a b upsetting it and throwing out a man woman, who are drowned.

Of the tuberculous patients treated Pennsylvania's "Camp Sanitari which was established with the aid of state, 75 per cent have either recove or been greatly improved.

Owen R. Lovejoy, in an address bef the American Institute of Instruction Montreal, says that premature labor on the child a handicap from which can never free himself.

The school authorities of the city Plainfield, N. J., have raised the pay the teachers from 25 to 40 per cent w out the least solicitation by the teach or the superintendent.

Leaving their baby sleeping in a r boken hotel, Mr. and Mrs. Hendrick Sloeck, of Paola, Iowa, board a liner Europe. Mother, remembering the ch as the ship is about to depart, delays until she gets the infant.

Just 100 years ago the first evangel missionary went from England to Ch His name was Robert Morrison; he mained 34 years, translated the Bible Chinese, wrote a Chinese grammar an dictionary of 4,595 pages.

Responsible heads of lawless corp tions should be placed in prison, as present system of fining the corporati is useless and absurd, says Woodr Wilson, president of Princeton Univers In a speech at the Jamestown exposit

Consul General L. M. Iddings repo from Cairo that the contract for rais the Assouan dam in the Nile of Up Egypt has recently been awarded to firm who built the dam. The struct will be raised 23 feet and will cost $3 000.

The clock for the public building Philadelphia is the second largest in world. The dials are 25 feet each in ameter, which gives a distance of ab a foot to be traversed by the end of minute hand every minute. Its place 360 feet above the street.

Reinforced cement is now the favo material with British builders of la chimneys. One already completed in L don is 250 feet high with a base 20 in diameter, with a foundation 15 square.

An early American peacemaker Elihu Burritt, the "blacksmith schol of Connecticut. It was mainly to his forts that the Paris peace congress 1849 practically owed its existence. The now almost forgotten, the same pri ples were discussed and the same pr sitions laid down as obtained at Hague in 1899.

"Is it our severe, disagreeable clim which remodels the buxom German Scandinavian maid of one generation a tall, slender American girl of the lowing one? Whatever the cause be," writes Sadakichi Hartman, in May Cosmopolitan, "it is a fact that American-born children of immigra show certain traits of refinement one would seek in vain in their parent

The Scientist's Victim.

A famous scientist, whose early h had been in a country district, had promised to visit the scenes of his hood and deliver a lecture in aid of funds of one of the institutions of place. At last he fulfilled his prom and the lecture was given.

When, at the close of his lecture, was conversing with some of the cipal promoters of the affair, warmly congratulated him on the fac with which he made rather techn matter interesting and clear to his cultured audience.

"Oh," said he, by way of explanat "I invariably fix my attention upon member of my audience who strikes as having the least intelligent face. I continue to explain any subject u which I touch until I see by that

The Blade Churn

Something new in covers. A drop steel forged cover—will not split, warp or break. You could drive over it with a horse and wagon and not break it. No wood to split, twist or warp. No cast iron to crack, spring or break. In fact it is indestructible. Every cover fits perfectly. No leak. There is no other churn like it on the market. We will ship these churns by freight to our subscribers on receipt of prices named below. (We do not pay freight.)

Six-gallon churn by freight, and copy of Weekly Blade one year $3.25

Ten-gallon churn by freight and copy of Weekly Blade one year $4.00

Regular retail price of six-gallon churn is $5.00, and it weighs 31 lbs. Regular retail price of ten-gallon churn is $6.00 and it weighs 36 lbs.

Remit by P. O. or Express Money Order or registered letter. We will not be responsible for remittances made in any other way. Address all orders to

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Cut Paper Patterns

PARIS PATTERNS

The cut paper patterns now offered to our readers are furnished by the Paris Modes Co., of New York, and are the best, latest and most perfect patterns offered by any newspaper using cut paper patterns.

These patterns provide for the allowance of all seams; are easy, simple and practical to use, and perfect in fit. If the correct size is selected, a garment may be cut and made to fit perfectly without any alteration.

These patterns will be mailed to any address at only 10 cents each. In ordering, address your letter, "Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio." Inclose 10 cents in silver for each pattern ordered.

Please do NOT send stamps. Inclose a silver dime wrapped in tissue paper. Once more, do NOT send stamps. They stick together, and it is difficult to dispose of them, unless at a discount.

Write very plainly the NUMBER and the NAME of each pattern, as it appears under the cut, and also the BUST MEASURE you wish.

SPECIAL NOTICE—Notice that the price, 10 cents, is for a SINGLE pattern. Many of these show TWO patterns in an illustration. In such cases, either will be sent on receipt of 10 cents, coin, or both on receipt of two silver dimes.

BE SURE to give both the number and the name of the pattern, and the bust measure also.

Address as follows, including price of pattern ordered. Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

Ladies' Lounging Gown in Empire Effect, with Three-Quarter Length Sleeves.—Paris Pattern No. 1999.—All Seams Allowed.

Made of pink flowered challis or foulard or dimity this lounging gown, which is really a summer tea-gown is charming and dainty. Women of taste

will accept its pretty outlines immediately as the fulfillment of a desire for something which they have long cherished but did not know how to make or describe.

The pattern is in 4 sizes—24, 36, 40 and 44 inches, bust measure. For 36 bust the gown needs 11¾ yards of goods 20 inches wide, or 8¼ yards 27 inches wide, or 6 yards 36 inches wide, or 5½ yards 42 inches wide. The guimpe needs 2¼ yards 18 inches wide, or 1½ yards 36 inches wide; ¾ yard of edging to trim.

Price of pattern, 10 cents.

Girls' Suspender Dress, with One-Piece Plaited Skirt and a Separate Guimpe.—Paris Pattern No. 1986.—All Seams Allowed.

The pinafore or suspended style of frock is so becoming to the figures of young girls that mothers are reluctant to relinquish it. This latest addition

to that list, made of pale green English piqué and worn with guimpe or ecru allover embroidery is a remarkably pretty development of this idea.

The pattern is in 4 sizes—6 to 12 years. For a girl of 10 years the dress requires 5½ yards of goods 20 inches wide, or 2⅞ yards 36 inches wide, or 1⅝ yards 42 inches wide. The guimpe needs 2¼ yards 18 inches wide, or 1½ yards 36 inches wide; ¾ yard of edging to trim.

Price of pattern, 10 cents.

Ladies' Shirt Waist with Front Yoke and Long or Three-Quarter Length Sleeves.—Paris Pattern No. 2007.—All Seams Allowed.

It appears that there can never be variety enough in shirtwaists to suit all tastes. The pretty model illustrated is made of shrimp-pink polka-dotted foulard relieved with a yoke and narrow cuff-band made of several rows of narrow Cluny insertion.

The pattern is in 6 sizes—32 to 42

inches, bust measure. For 36 bust the waist needs 4 yards of material 20 inches wide, or 3¼ yards 27 inches wide, or 2¼ yards 36 inches wide, or 1⅞ yards 42 inches wide; as illustrated, 6¼ yards of insertion.

Price of pattern, 10 cents.

Ladies' Eleven Gored Skirt, Box Plaited Below Hip and with Tucks in Lower Part.—Paris Pattern No. 1981.—All Seams Allowed.

Flat trimmings such as tucks and folds are the most fashionable trimmings now adopted for the bottom of skirts. This model of a separate skirt

is eleven-gored, each one of the seams representing a box-plait, being laid and stitched in that form to the depth of the hips, and falling open from that point most gracefully.

The pattern is in 6 sizes—22 to 32 inches, waist measure. For 26 waist the skirt, made of goods with nap, requires 16 yards 20 inches wide, or 8¾ yards 36 inches wide, or 8 yards 42 inches wide, of 6¼ yards 54 inches wide; or, of goods without nap, it needs 15 yards 20 inches wide, or 8 yards 36 inches wide, or 7¼ yards 41 inches wide, or 5¾ yards 54 inches wide.

Price of pattern, 10 cents.

Ladies' Low-Necked Shirt Waist, with Front Yoke and Elbow Sleeves.—Paris Pattern No. 2001.—All Seams Allowed.

A yoke shirtwaist which is cut down in V shape at the throat and is made with a front yoke and a sailor collar is a novelty which is as chic as it is becoming. If developed in madras, linen,

gingham or pongee for washable goods, or in Scotch or French flannel or challis for wool, it would be serviceable.

The pattern is in 5 sizes—32 to 40 inches, bust measure. For 36 bust the waist needs 2⅞ yards of goods 20 inches wide, or 3¼ yards 27 inches wide, or 2¼ yards 36 inches wide, or 2 yards 42 inches wide.

Price of pattern, 10 cents.

Infants' Underwear Set, Consisting of Petticoat, Pinning Blanket, Diaper,

Drawers and Band.—Paris Pattern No. 2004.—All Seams Allowed.

Patterns for making the pretty little first garments for an infant are always in demand, and this set will be found to cover most of the baby's immediate needs. There are four articles embraced in this set.

The pattern is in one size. To make the petticoat requires 2¼ yards of goods 27 or 36 inches wide. The pinning-blanket needs 1⅝ yards of flannel 27 inches wide, with ¾ yard of goods 36 inches wide for waist. The drawers call for ⅜ yard of goods 27 or 36 inches wide. To make three bands need ¾ yard of goods 27 inches wide.

Price of pattern, 10 cents.

WILL NOT RENEW TREATY

If Clause Excluding Coolies Is Inserted.

All Europe Watching Outcome of Present Controversy Between Two Nations.

Washington, July 8.—That the Japanese government will not consent to the renewal of the present treaty with the United States if this government reserves the right to insert a clause in the compact excluding Japanese coolie labor from continental United States is indicated by semi-official advices purporting to give the views of Foreign Minister Hayashi, which were received here from Ototaka Yamaoka, the personal representative of Count Okuma, leader of the progressive party.

Mr. Yamaoka is authority for the statement that Foreign Minister Hayashi has received from Secretary of State oot a preliminary "note" regarding the new treaty which the two governments propose to substitute for the convention which expires July 17, 1911. The draft of the new treaty submitted by Secretary Root, according to the communication from Mr. Yamaoka, called for the renewal of article 2, clause 4 of the present treaty, which gives to each nation the right to regulate immigration.

With reference to the "note" submitted by Secretary Root, Mr. Yamaoka says that Foreign Minister Hayashi has issued an official confidential memorandum outlining the Japanese government's attitude on the question of the limitation of immigration, which in substance is as follows:

Japan's Attitude.

"First—That the government of the United States has submitted a proposal for the enactment of a treaty, which provides for the limitation of immigration. The government of Japan has rejected the proposal and will not in the future entertain any such proposition.

"Second—That in the new treaty, which is to be operated from the forty-fourth year of Meiji (1911), the government of Japan will insist on striking out the article 2, clause 4 (defining the power reserved by the contracting parties to enact laws with regard to police and immigration regulations). For that purpose the government of Japan shall take a most vigorous attitude. * * * Although the negotiations for that end are not yet developed we firmly believe the government of the United States will fight with determination to preserve the clause.

"Third—That the government of Japan contemplates sending representatives to the United States to investigate conditions on the Pacific coast and to determine if the Japanese residents are discriminated against."

Says U. S. Men Desert.

Tokio, July 8.—The Hochi prints an interview with Admiral Sakamoto, in which the Admiral is quoted as follows:

"Should hostilities break out between Japan and America the result would be indecisive owing to a want of proper bases of operations. Such bases as exist are too distant for practical purposes. Even the nearest bases, namely the Pescadores, Carite and Manila, are 600 miles from one another. Even if the Washington government should decide on a war, it is doubtful whether the Americans serving in the navy are sufficiently patriotic to fight.

"American naval officers are brilliant figures at balls and social gatherings, but they are very deficient in professional training and practice. It is too much to expect a burning patriotism in the American naval service in case of war with Japan. It is likely that most of the crews would desert and leave the ships."

Europe Is Alert.

London, July 8.—The present tension between the United States and Japan is exciting the keenest interest among all the European diplomatists. None of them, however, believe that it will reach the stage of warfare, because the heavy burden of debt Japan is carrying as a result of her failure to obtain indemnity from Russia forbids her embarking on a similar costly enterprise in the next decade. It is recognized nevertheless that the United States is acquiring the enmity of Japan as one of her national assets, which may prove a handicap in the event of trouble with any other power.

Guarantee of Peace.

Washington, July 8.—While it is asserted with all possible emphasis that there is no foundation for apprehension of trouble, immediate or future, between the United States and Japan, the proposed demonstration with the Atlantic fleet can be looked upon in no other light than that President Roosevelt intends to use the American navy for exactly that purpose for which he has advocated its augmentation—a guarantee of international peace. It was stated here today that Ambassador O'Brien, who has been invited to Sagamore Hill the latter part of the present week, will be able to confer with the President before going to his new post in Tokio. The ambassador finds it necesssary to devote some time to his personal affairs in Michigan and will not find it convenient to return to the east before departing by way of San Francisco for Japan. It was remarked that there was no occasion for a conference between the President and Ambassador O'Brien beyond the formality of official etiquette.

TO DISTRIBUTE LABORERS

Immigration Bureau Is Conducting an Inquiry.

Washington, July 6.—Inquiry into the needs of the various states and territories for immigrant labor have been instituted by T. V. Powderly, chief of the division of information, recently established in connection with the bureau of immigration. Mr. Powderly has directed letters to the governors of the various states and territories requesting them to furnish him such information as will aid in the proper distribution of immigrants on arrival in the United States. In order to obtain this information in such form as will be most easily handled, Mr. Powderly asks in his letters a series of questions, the principal ones of which are as follows:

Where is the demand for workmen most urgent?

What class of labor is needed?

Are settlers on land needed?

What nationalities or races would be preferred?

Does your state or (territory) offer inducements to settlers on lands?

If strikes, lockouts or other difficulties exist, state fully the cause of the same.

Mr. Powderly also has written to the secretaries of the various labor organizations in the United States enclosing a copy of the letter which he has sent to the governors, calling special attention to the inquiry about strikes, lockouts and other labor difficulties and asking them to keep the division of information fully informed as to any variations or fluctuations in the labor market that may affect the employment of their members or of immigrants who may seek to settle in this country. In this connection Mr. Powderly writes:

"If you keep us informed of strikes, lockouts, blacklists, boycotts or the probable coming of same, we will know how to act should application be made to send laborers to a locality where industrial conditions are unsettled."

LITTLE ONE SUFFERED

For Over a Year—Itching Skin Like Eczema Covered Face and Neck—Mother Lost Faith in Medicines—Cuticura Remedies Cured Her.

"My baby's face and neck were covered with itching skin similar to eczema, and she suffered terribly for over a year. I took her to a number of doctors, and also to different colleges to no avail. Then Cuticura Remedies were recommended to me by Miss G—, who was telling me how they helped her. I did not use it at first, as I had tried to many other remedies without any favorable results. At last I tried Cuticura Soap, Cuticura Ointment, and Cuticura Resolvent Pills, and to my surprise noticed an improvement. After using three boxes of the Cuticura Ointment, together with the Soap and Pills, I am pleased to say she is altogether a different child and the picture of health. Mrs. A. C. Brestlin, 171 N. Lincoln St., Chicago, Ill., Oct. 20 and 30, 1906."

NOT LIKE DREADNAUGHT

New American Warships Differ From English.

Washington, July 8.—"There is no such thing as an 'American Dreadnaught,' nor is any projected," says a distinguished naval officer. He was referring to the two great 20,000-ton battleships, contracts for which have just been provisionally awarded, and which were mentioned in the congressional debates and newspapers as of the Dreadnaught class.

"The new ships should be called 'the Delaware class,' for without knowing what the second ship is to be called, the first vessel of the kind usually fixes the name of the class, and Secretary Metcalf has christened No. 28 Delaware," said this officer.

The officer then pointed out the difference between the English Dreadnaught and the American Delaware classes, going into some details as to the plans for the latter which it is not deemed politic by the navy department to make public even at this late date. Generally stated, the salient points of difference were to be found in the arrangement of the armament. The 12-inch guns of the British vessels are carried in two turrets on the central line from bow to stern and in two "waist" or side turrets; while the guns of the Delaware type are placed in four turrets in line with the keel.

The advantage of the latter arrangement is the ability to bring every one of the guns of the primary batteries of the ship to bear upon an opponent on either side, while 25 per cent of the British fire would be masked under like circumstances. There also are a number of other changes in the interior arrangements, and on the whole, according to this naval officer, save from the fact that the tonnage of the two classes are alike and turbine machinery is to be used for the propelling power, the American Delaware does not resemble the British Dreadnaught.

METCALF EXPLAINS ORDER

Why Warships Will Be in the Pacific.

Oakland, Cal., July 5.—Secretary of the Navy Victor H. Metcalf, in an interview, confirmed the report that a large part of the United States navy will be seen in Pacific waters next winter. Eighteen or twenty of the largest battleships will come around Cape Horn on a practice cruise and will be seen in San Francisco harbor.

"Many false impressions have gained circulation about the movement," said Secretary Metcalf. "I have held all along that there was practically no significance to this movement from a military standpoint. I might have stated before leaving Washington exactly what I am saying now. But I thought that as the news concerned the people of the Pacific coast today would be an appropriate time to announce the plans.

"It is the policy of the navy department to keep the fleet in American waters as much as possible. It is also our policy to keep as large a number of battleships together as possible. We might as well spend the money in American ports as abroad. In the past we have sent squadrons to various European nations with less advantage than by keeping them at home.

"I have planned this cruise around Cape Horn for the practice of the squadron. How long the ships will remain here I cannot say. I can promise the people of Oakland and San Francisco that they will see one of the finest naval spectacles ever witnessed in Pacific waters.

"I hope the talk of Japanese troubles and of international differences may be dropped by the newspapers. There is nothing to produce any feeling except this talk of the newspapers. The story that Ambassador Aoki is in disfavor with his own government I believe is purely an invention. I know of no reason why Japan and the United States should not be on the friendliest of terms."

THE PRESIDENT'S TRIP.

Will Speak at Canton on September 29.

Oyster Bay, July 3.—The details of the itinerary of President Roosevelt's western trip, which is to begin at the termination of his summer vacation, were announced yesterday by Secretary Loeb.

The President will leave Oyster Bay for Canton, O., September 29. He will make an address at Canton at the dedication of the McKinley national monument September 30, and leave immediately for Keokuk, Iowa, where he will arrive at 9 o'clock, October 1. He will make an address at Keokuk and two hours after his arrival there will embark on the steamship Mississippi. From 10 until 3 o'clock the next day he will spend in St. Louis, the next stop being at Cairo, Ills., where he will spend the two hours, from 9 until 11 o'clock, on October 3. An address will be made by the President at Cairo and another at Memphis, Tenn., which will be reached the next afternoon at 1 o'clock. An uninterrupted trip to Washington from Memphis will begin at 4 o'clock, October 4.

WOULD CAUSE NO ALARM

If U. S. Battleships Go to Pacific, Says Aoki.

Washington, July 3.—"No, Japan would not regard it as an unfriendly act if the American government saw fit to increase her naval representation in her territorial waters on the Pacific coast, or even if she sent additional men of war to the Asiatic station. She would not look upon it as a menace or regard it with regret."

These were words of Viscount Aoki, the Japanese ambassador to the United States, when his attention was called today to published reports that the general board of the navy had recommended to the President that the battleships of the American fleet be sent around to the Pacific coast.

EVER EAT EGGS FOUR YEARS OLD?

Not So Bad as You Might Suppose When Preserved in Water Glass.

Washington, July 4.—The egg which appears so innocently upon the breakfast table may by reason of commercial ingenuity be anywhere from several months to several years old. This knowledge led to an investigation by the department of agriculture, and the result is favorable to the use of egg preservatives. Said one of the department's experts:

"I have examined a very large number of eggs preserved in water glass. In general I found the eggs to be of good quality, and they had not been preserved under the best conditions, either, as they were not placed in the water glass solution on the day on which they were laid, but were collected in the country and sent in to town in large lots and were two or three days old before preservation.

Some Were Bad.

"As might have been expected, some of these eggs were bad, but the proportion was not large. In one instance out of 884 dozen eggs preserved between April and June and sold between October and December only five dozen, or 1.3 per cent, were bad, and the majority of these were broken or cracked.

"These preserved eggs are attractive in appearance, as the shells are very clean and fresh looking after the water glass is wiped off. Even those which have been several years in water glass have a fine, fresh appearance.

"Another advantage of preservation in water glass over certain older methods is that the contents of the egg do not shrink through evaporation. The eggs therefore do not rattle when shaken, no matter how old they are. The cost of preservation is very small.

"It was found that eggs which had been kept in water glass for a few months could hardly be distinguished in appearance, flavor and smell, either raw or cooked, from what are called fresh eggs, that is, fresh eggs of the commercial sense, which are eggs free from decomposition or taint, but several days old.

"A really fresh egg only a few hours laid is easily distinguished in flavor and appearance when cooked from the fresh egg or preserved egg and is known as a new laid egg. The eggs which had been preserved in water glass for about six months tasted and smelled like well kept eggs a few days old.

"I found that as the eggs get older a distinct change occurs which can be appreciated both by the eye and the palate. Eggs which have been three or four years in water glass are easily recognized.

"The white becomes pink in color and very liquid. The egg acquires a slightly peculiar taste which suggests soda. At the same time, even when four years old, the eggs had no unpleasant taste or smell, and the white coagulated in cooking.

Change Gradual.

"Though there was a slight characteristic odor when the eggs were cooked, it was not a stale or bad odor by any means, and did not at all suggest sulphurated hydrogen. The changes in the preserved eggs take place very gradually. At one year old they are hardly noticeable; at two years they are distinct, but not so distinct as at three or four years old.

"Water glass is a sodium silicate. Though its use was introduced only comparatively recently, it has largely superseded older methods and also appears to have led to much more frequent preservation of eggs on the small scale in households and by small traders.

"The method is simple and effective. The eggs are obtained when they are plentiful and cheap in the spring and are preserved for use during the winter months. In such cases it is necessary to keep them for about six months, but they may be kept much longer.

"It will be recommended, however, that eggs preserved in water glass be required to be so labeled when offered for sale."

ANTI-SALOON SENTIMENT

Local Option Is Increasing Dry Territory.

With the Absence of Saloons Come Better Morals, Better Government, Prosperity.

Washington, D. C., July 8.—Virginia has a law that prohibits the sale of intoxicants in rural communities and towns that have no police protection, leaving only the principal towns and cities wet. Tennessee has only four cities where liquor can be had at retail. Kansas is dryer than kiln-dried lumber; North Dakota has had prohibition so long that many of its counties have no jails; the Mormon Church has required its members to be total abstainers, and even Kentucky, with its ancient and honorable reputation for the making, dispensing and drinking of good liquor, has stopped its sale in all but 23—ominous number—of its 119 counties.

These facts are so stinking that they led to investigation of the subject in all the states, to ascertain how far reaching the temperance movement is, and its effect upon the morals and finances of the different states. The governors of the various states were asked to furnish information as to the status of the movement, or to designate some one who was fitted to do so. These replies show a growth of the temperance movement beyond what most persons believe there has been. In most of the states absolute prohibition prevails in many of the counties. The local option idea is perhaps the most important development in the crusade. This gives the voters of a given county, city or township, as the case may be, the right to say whether liquor shall be sold therein or not. Only a little while ago Charlottesville, the seat of the University of Virginia, went "dry" upon a local option vote.

Farmers Urge "Dryness."

The movement to prohibit the sale of intoxicants appears stronger in the agricultural communities than in the cities and towns, and in the South than elsewhere, through Kansas, North Dakota, Colorado and a number of other western states make strong showings. Yet the remarkable fact remains that the figures of the internal revenue bureau here show that there has been no falling off in the sale and consumption of intoxicants, in spite of the growth of the temperance movement. The amount of tax-paid spirits withdrawn from distilleries and general bonded warehouses for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1906, was 122,617,943 gallons, which was about 7,000,000 gallons more than was withdrawn the previous year. This increase is said to be representative of the average increase for a term of years, and of the increase in the amount of liquor drank. The increase is not explained from the data at hand.

MIKADO HONORS SCRIBES

Gives Medals to 19 War Correspondents.

Washington, July 3.—The emperor of Japan has bestowed war medals upon 29 Americans who participated in the recent Russo-Japanese war. The list is composed of 10 women (volunteer nurses) and 19 correspondents of American papers.

The medals are of golden bronze, about the size of a double eagle, bearing on the face the crossed imperial standards of Japan, surmounted by the rising sun. The reverse presents a conventional monumental shaft, flanked by a branch of palm and one of laurel. They are known as the "imperial order of the crown."

Dr. Anita Newcomb McGee, of this city, is awarded the order of the sixth class, while the remainder of the nurses and the war correspondents are the recipients of orders of the seventh class.

The nurses who received medals are, besides Mrs. McGee: Misses Mary Gladwin, Sophia Newell, Alice Kemmerer, Genevieve Russell, Ella King, Minnie Cooke, Adel Neeb, Elizabeth C. Kratz and Adelaide Mackereth.

The war correspondents are: Richmond Smith, the Associated Press; George Kennan, the Outlook; Oscar King Davis and William Lewis, New York Herald; W. G. Morgan, New York Tribune; Franklin Clarkin, New York Evening Post; Stanley Washburn, Chicago Daily News; Grant Wallace, San Francisco Evening Bulletin; G. H. Scull, Commercial Advertiser; Frederick Palmer and J. H. Hare, Collier's Weekly; Herbert G. Ponting, Harper's Weekly; Richard Harding Davis, Collier's Weekly; John Fox, Scribner's Magazine; James Ricalton, Travel Magazine; Richard Barry, Eastern Illustrated War News; J. M. Cockran, Leslie's Weekly; W. H. Brill, the Associated Press, and Reuter's Telegraph Agency, and Jack London, Hearst papers.

ROBERTS LEAVES AUGUST 1

Washington, July 6.—The resignation of George E. Roberts as director of the mint, will take effect on August 1 next. Mr. Roberts has been elected president of the Commercial National bank of Chicago to succeed the late James E. Eckles. Mr. Roberts' successor has not yet been named.

LANE RAPS JIM CROW

Upholds Wisdom of Separating Whites and Blacks.

But Declares Where Same Fare Is Paid Like Conveniences Must Be Provided.

Washington, July 8.—The interstate commerce commission, in a decision today in the case of Georgia Edwards against the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis railroad, held that where a railroad provided certain accommodations for a first-class passenger of the white race it is commanded by the law that like accommodations shall be provided for negroes who have purchased first-class tickets.

It holds that in this case it is manifest that the railroad "has unduly and unjustly discriminated in some particulars against colored passengers," and orders that where the railroad provides a wash bowl and towels in the coaches for white passengers and a separate smoking compartment, similar accommodations shall be provided for negro passengers paying similar fare.

Charged Discrimination.

The complainant, who had purchased a first-class ticket from Chattanooga, Tenn., to Dalton, Ga., was removed from a car for white persons to one for negroes, and complained that she was discriminated against because of her color and not afforded equal facilities. Commissioner Lane, who rendered the commission's decision today, held: "The expense of the small smoking compartment in the latter (the car for whites) accounts for nearly all the difference in cost between the two cars."

He holds that the broad question of the right under the thirteenth and fourteenth amendments of the constitution to segregate white and colored passengers has been upheld by the supreme court of the United States. The opinion continues:

"Accepting these decisions as conclusive upon the constitutionality of such laws, we turn to the consideration of the reasonableness of such a rule when imposed by the carrier; and this we find to have been passed upon by this commission within a few months of its organization in the case of Council vs. Western & Atlantic Railroad company, which was decided December 3, 1887, and which held this separation may be carried out on railroad trains without disadvantage to either race and with increased comfort to both.

"Again, in Heard vs. Georgia Railroad company, decided February 15, 1888, the commission held that the separation of white and colored passengers paying the same fare is not unlawful, if cars and accommodations equal in all respects are furnished to both and the same cars and protection of passengers is observed.

Upholds Reasonableness.

"While, therefore, the reasonableness of such regulation is established, it by no means follows that carriers may discriminate between white and colored passengers in the accommodations which they furnish to each. The principle that must govern is that the carriers must serve equally well all passengers, whether white or colored, paying the same fare. Failure to do this is discrimination and subjects the passenger to 'undue and unreasonable prejudice and disadvantage.'"

EDWARD HONORS CARUSO

London, July 4.—King Edward has decorated Enrico Caruso, the Italian tenor, with the Victorian order. Signor Caruso is the first singer to be thus honored during the reign of King Edward.

COULDN'T KEEP IT

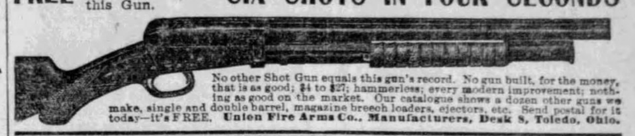
Kept It Hid From the Children.

"We cannot keep Grape-Nuts food in the house. It goes so fast I have to hide it, because the children love it so. It is just the food I have been looking for ever so long; something that I do not have to stop to prepare and still is nourishing."

Grape-Nuts is the most scientifically made food on the market. It is perfectly and completely cooked at the factory and can be served at an instant's notice, either with rich cold cream, or with hot milk if a hot dish is desired. When milk or water is used, a little sugar should be added, but when cold cream is used alone the natural grape-sugar, which can be seen glistening on the granules, is sufficiently sweet to satisfy the palate. This grape-sugar is not poured over the granules, as some people think, but exudes from the granules in the process of manufacture, when the starch of the grains is changed from starch to grape-sugar by the process of manufacture. This, in effect, is the first act of digestion; therefore, Grape-Nuts food is pre-digested and is most perfectly assimilated by the very weakest stomach. "There's a Reason."

Made at the pure food factories of the Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little health classic, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

FREE Book tells of this Gun. **SIX SHOTS IN FOUR SECONDS**



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WE MUST RULE PACIFIC

Dewey Says Fleet Should Be Kept in That Ocean.

Believes Another Big Atlantic Squadron Will Soon Be Constructed.

New York, July 8.—Admiral Dewey, who is sojourning for the summer at Richfield Springs, N. Y., is quoted in an interview published in the American today, as saying in regard to the transfer of the battle fleet to the Pacific:

"It is a pity we have not ships enough to keep powerful fleets in both oceans, but since we have not, it seems that in the interests of peace it is best at this time that our fleet should be in the Pacific.

"This cruiser transfer, or whatever you like to call it, is a mission of peace. I do not think it likely that this country will become seriously involved with any power. But if trouble should come by any chance, it is well to be fully prepared for it.

"It is necessary for us to hold the balance of sea power on the Pacific. The defenses on that coast are not up to the standard of the Atlantic. That the nation that has this power controls the situation was proven in our war with Spain.

As to Philippines.

"I would say that unless the danger was most imminent it would not be advisable to concentrate a large fleet with hundreds of officers and thousands of men in Philippine waters. The climate is not right, as I know from personal experience.

"An enemy might take the Philippines and Hawaii, but as soon as we met them on the sea they would have to give them up. The very presence of our sea force in the Pacific will serve every purpose."

Admiral Dewey said there should be no trouble in taking the fleet around the Horn into the Pacific. The battleships, he said, should have no more difficulty than a ferry has in crossing to Hoboken. It was merely a question of coal and a question of dollars.

So far as leaving the Atlantic coast unprotected by the transfer of the fleet, Admiral Dewey said there was nothing to fear. There were no enemies to threaten the Atlantic coast, he said, and even if there were, the army could take care of them. The admiral said the coast defenses there are in excellent shape.

In closing the interview Admiral Dewey intimated that he saw two possible effects of importance in the transfer of the fleet. He believes it will urge the construction of another Atlantic fleet, with the ships now building as a nucleus, and he hopes it will stimulate and hasten the completion of the Panama canal.

HERDS PERISH IN FIRE

Sheep and Cattle Try to Escape Prairie Blaze.

Fort Worth, Tex., July 3.—Driven by the hot flames of a great prairie fire into deep trenches that had been dug to prevent their theft, 3,000 sheep and 400 cattle perished by being burned, drowned or trampled to death on the great Guadalupe hacienta of Gen. Manuel Gonzales, situated southwest of the city of Victoria, in the state of Tampico, Mexico. The fire started at night in the high grass, which was drier than the driest hay, after the prolonged season of heat and drought that has been prevailing in that section, and the animals stampeded only to encounter the deep trenches—moats consisting of gullies and artificial trenches which surround the llano and are designed to prevent the raids of cattle thieves.

Many were trampled to death before the trenches were reached, but the scene there was simple indescribable. The foremost cattle and accompanying sheep plunged into the moat, only to be crushed into the mud and water by the thousands above them. Huge mounds of dead and dying animals piled up and effectually blocked the escape of any which might have otherwise been saved.

DUEL STORY IS A FAKE

But Dolliver Did Scorch the Pitchfork Senator.

Jackson, Mich., July 6.—A story sent out from this city to a number of eastern papers stating that Senator Tillman, while in this city, challenged Senator Dolliver to a duel, is regarded here as a pure fabrication. Senator Tillman lectured here Wednesday evening, and left for the south before Senator Dolliver arrived to deliver a lecture Thursday evening.

The duel story hangs upon a severe criticism Senator Dolliver made of the South Carolina senator in his lecture. Senator Dolliver is quoted as saying:

"Men of such type as Senator Tillman, who openly boast of violating the law, who are instrumental in the murder of hundreds of black men and who preach anarchy, should be behind the prison walls."

The duel story was to the effect that the two senators met in this city yesterday, and became engaged in a heated conversation over Senator Dolliver's remarks, Senator Tillman finally challenging the Iowa senator to a duel.

THOMPSON PREDICTS WAR

Retired Admiral Says Japan and U. S. Will Clash.

Seattle, Wash., July 4.—A special to the Post-Intelligencer, from North Yakima, says:

Rear Admiral W. J. Thompson, U. S. N., retired, who has arrived here from a short stay in the Orient, predicts a war with Japan within five years.

Admiral Thompson says that war is inevitable, but he does not believe that Great Britain will assist her ally in such a struggle, and thinks that while the Philippines may be the real outset of the war, in the end the resources of the United States must result in the defeat for the Japanese. He believes that in event of hostilities France would give financial aid to Japan.

ADMIRAL FARQUHAR DEAD

Passes Away at Summer Hotel of Apoplexy.

Newport, R. I., July 3.—Rear Admiral Norman von Heldreichs Farquhar, U. S. N., retired, died suddenly at the Hotel Thorndyke, Jamestown, last night. Death was due to apoplexy. Rear Admiral Farquhar's home was in Washington, D. C., and the body will be removed to that city tonight.

Rear Admiral Farquhar, in company with Mrs. Farquhar, arrived at Jamestown early in the week to spend the summer. Shortly after dinner this evening he was seized with an attack of apoplexy and died two hours later.

Rear Admiral Farquhar was born in Pottsville, Pa., April 11, 1840.

ARE YOU LONESOME? I am. Middle-aged, wealthy widow without encumbrance will correspond with view to matrimony. Box 154, Elgin, Ill.

CORN HARVESTER cuts and throws in piles on harvester or windrows. Man and horse cuts equal with a binder. Price $15. Circulars free, showing Harvester at work. NEW PROCESS MFG. CO., Salina, Kansas

LADIES $1000 REWARD! I positively guarantee my Never Failing ERGO-KOLO Monthly Remedy. Safely relieves the longest, most obstinate, discouraging cases in 3 to 5 days without harm, pain or interference with work. Mail, $1.50. Double Strength $2.00. "BOOKLET FOR LADIES" FREE DR. C. B. SOUTHINGTON R. CO., KANSAS CITY, MO.

WANTED

Information regarding good farm that is for sale and which can be bought of owner. NO AGENTS NEED ANSWER. Wish to hear from owner only willing to close his own deal and save buyer paying big commission and fancy price to some agent. Would also like to hear of good small business for sale by owner. Address, INFORMATION DEPARTMENT, LOCATOR PUBLISHING CO., Minneapolis, Minn.

FOURTH MAKES RECORD

Forty-two Dead, 1,471 Injured in Country.

All Records for Fatalities Are Broken in Pittsburg, Where 15 Deaths Occurred.

Chicago, July 5.—Despite the campaign of education that has been carried on for years in behalf of a "safe and sane" Independence day, quite as many "didn't know it was loaded" yesterday, or tried to hold lighted cannon crackers, or toyed foolishly with other engines of death as in former years.

Forty-two victims throughout the country, martyrs to misguided "patriotism," is the death roster to date, with prospects that when the lockjaw microbe completes its work the list may be swelled three or four fold.

The injured number 1,471, in various stages of dismemberment, with the outlook that when the last belated returns come straggling in the number will perhaps reach 3,000—such is the meaning of the day of days expressed in its effect on life and limb.

In addition to the victims of fireworks, the water claimed eight Fourth of July celebrants in various parts of the country.

A peculiar feature in the statistics of the Fourth is that, while the deaths appear to be decreasing perceptibly, the number of accidents is on the increase. The reason for this is that although a preventive of lockjaw has been discovered, no remedy can be applied for addled brains.

In this city six are dead and 100 injured. Chicago's fire loss is $5,000, while it is estimated that elsewhere throughout the country property valued at a quarter million was destroyed.

PITTSBURG HAS 15 DEAD

All Records for Independence Day Fatalites Are Broken.

Pittsburg, Pa., July 5.—All records of fatalities following the celebration of Independence day in Pittsburg were broken this year.

Today fifteen violent deaths were reported to the coroner's office, while the number of injured will exceed three score.

Many of these, it is said, will die.

The list of the dead, which was compiled from cases reported at the coroner's office and morgue, from Wednesday night until this morning, included two alleged murders and one suicide.

SEVEN DEAD IN NEW YORK

Half a Dozen Dying and Hundreds of Others Injured.

New York, July 5.—The Fourth's celebration has cost seven lives, a half dozen persons are dying and hundreds of others are being treated at the hospitals for injuries, ranging from slight burns, with the possibility of tetanus developments, to bullet wounds and lost limbs. Of the dead three died in premature celebrations. The others were killed during the day.

In an ecstacy of patriotism, Arthur Carraro rapidly discharged a revolver in his back yard. One of the bullets entered the head of his aunt, Mrs. Alfonso Fucarino, and she fell dead. The next bullet, by design or accident, killed the celebrator. Another person celebrating, sent a bullet through the brain of 18-year-old Nimpa Grizzanti as she stood near the open window of her room dressing her hair.

The police figures show the following totals:

Dead, 7.

Probably fatally injured, 5.

Hospital cases, 423, not including dispensary cases.

Fires, 116.

Arrests for carrying weapons, 423.

Compared with last year, there were yesterday twice as many fires, though with smaller losses, one hundred more accidents and about one hundred more arrests.

Distressed by the noises of the Fourth of July celebration Mrs. Johanna Evert, a widow, hanged herself from a bedpost in her home in Jersey City last night. The body was found early today. Mrs. Evert suffered from ill health and yesterday she complained that she could not stand the noise of exploding fireworks.

Death Ends Celebration.

Utica, N. Y., July 5.—While celebrating the fourth at Yorkville, a suburb of this city, a number of Poles began fighting, with the result that two of them are dead. The fight started in a saloon and the men were ejected by the proprietor. Hostilities were resumed in the street and later on the canal bank, where two of the party, Joseph Geskoski and Joseph Szeczelk, aged 20 and 24, respectively, were knocked or thrown into the the water and drowned.

The bodies of the men were recovered a short time later and the hand of one of them clasped a knife and both were covered with bruises.

Another of the fighters, Tony Milinosski, was thrown into the canal, but was saved, and is now at a hospital suffering from serious knife wounds. The police arrested twelve men.

Ribs Broken by Rocket.

Greenup, Ill., July 5.—Peter Parker was fatally injured and three others hurt last night, when a pile of fireworks exploded. Parker was struck by rockets. His ribs were broken and he sustained internal inj

HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

KEYNOTES TO HARMONY

SUNDAY.

My prayer: O God, vouchsafe to me of your Infinite all that is possible of light and of love!

MONDAY.

There is one thing that ought to be neither loved nor caused nor given—it is pain.

TUESDAY.

Son, brother, father, lover, friend. There is room in the heart for all the affections, as there is room in heaven for all the stars.

WEDNESDAY.

The right of the best is always the strongest.

THURSDAY.

What is the highest faculty of the soul? Is it genius? No; it is goodness.

FRIDAY.

To be perfectly happy it does not suffice to possess happiness; it is necessary to have deserved it.

SATURDAY.

No external grace is complete unless it is vivified by interior beauty. The beauty of the soul is spread like a mysterious light over the beauty of the body.—Victor Hugo.

Let Us Learn to Have Pity

People are sometimes indifferent to the suffering of animals, more from thoughtlessness than intended cruelty. "They don't feel pain and suffering as keenly as we do," is too common a belief, thought it is a belief which is fast losing ground through the work of the societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals. These societies, so small in their beginnings, have made a steady growth and have brought much good to both man and beast. They have alleviated the sufferings of animals, and have helped to awaken the humanitarian instinct in man, which means also the awakening of his better nature.

In a little book of essays entitled Social and Religious Ideals, written by Artemas Jean Baynes and published by Charles Scribner's Sons, is this little article on the subject of kindness to animals, which is worth reading:

There is a verse in the Book of Jonah which strangely moves one who reads it understandingly. God is represented as saying to the prophet: "Should not I have pity on Nineveh, that great city; wherein are more than six score thousand persons that cannot discern between their right and their left hand; and also much cattle?"

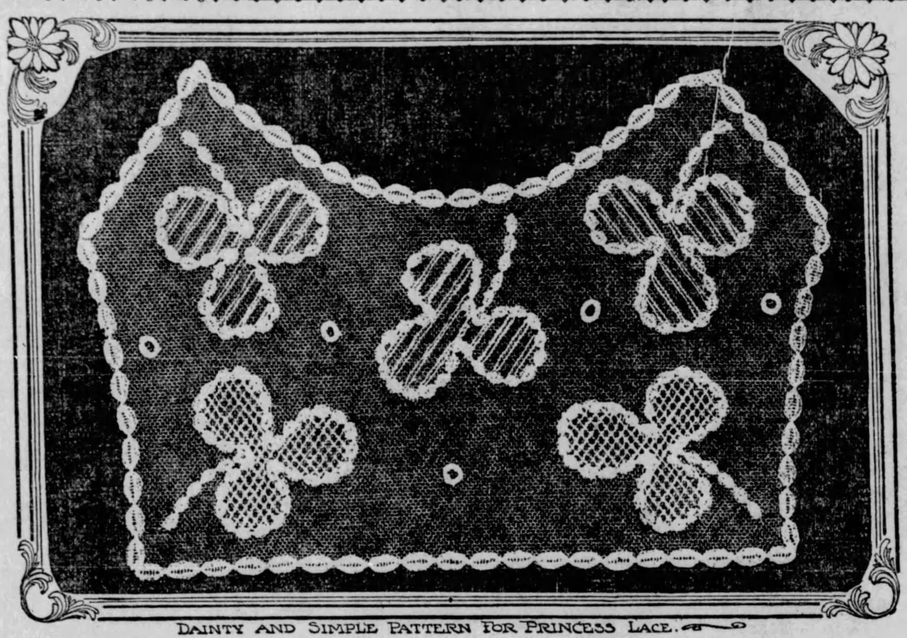
God cares—cares for the children, cares even for the cattle. The sob and dumb agony of a world that travaileth in pain is in that last clause. The cattle and the horses and all broken beasts of burden—God loves them! He knows when they are hungry. He knows when they are in pain, He knows when men abuse them.

Here also the words of Jesus come to us with peculiar impressiveness: "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing, and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father."

To my mind the surest evidence of the divine worth of our Christian religion is to be found in its attitude to the whole wide world of suffering creatures that cries out for pity. Rightly to relate ourselves to that great underworld of creation which can speak to us only through its patient suffering, this, it seems to me, is to offer acceptable worship unto God—

"He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast;
He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small,—
For the dear God who loveth us
He made and loveth all."

How to Make the Popular Princess Lace



DAINTY AND SIMPLE PATTERN FOR PRINCESS LACE.

Making the popular "princess lace," so much worn now, is quite a simple process when one understands how the designs of braid are attached to the plain net.

Neat sewing is the one essential, and any woman who can use her needle deftly can make at home exquisite, if somewhat fragile, articles in this work.

Pieces of the lace may be rapidly fashioned, and if the sewer can draw original patterns the trimming will be distinctive.

These designs, to be copied on the net, are cut from flowered or other patterned calico and then attached to the foundation material, so the outline of the device shows through clearly. Over the net the pattern is followed out by tacking on whatever braid is chosen, which is afterward neatly sewn in place, and then fancy stitches are worked here and there over the net to relieve the monotony and to give, where possible, the appearance of light and shade. If liked these stitches can be omitted, and then a design of fancy kind in braid is shown applique on the net ground work; but the additional stitches add to the beauty as well as to the value of the work, as they show up the design and bring into prominence the beauty of it.

When tacking the net over the pattern be careful to have it perfectly smooth and flat, and without creases. Tack all round the edges and here and there throughout, so that the net will be kept in place over the pattern, and keep the long stitches at the back of the foundation. If the design contains flower sprays the stems may be worked in darning, commencing well up to the flower pattern, so that the ends be concealed beneath the braid, and working downward to the end of the stem and then up again to the beginning.

Care must be taken to have the stems gracefully curved. The braid can be cut where necessary for the neatness of the work, and the ends turned in and sewn down in place.

There are two kinds of net sold for the purpose—one for personal use and coarser for household articles.

The braids are made in various widths and degrees of fineness to suit individual taste. Of course, for delicate designs very fine quality will be needed, while for the bolder pattern a coarser and wider one will be employed. The lace thread matches the braid in fineness, while all can be obtained in either white or cream color.

It is absolutely necessary that the net and materials used be of the very best, and even then they will cost only a few cents. The work must be kept perfectly clean when making.

Never before has there been such a demand for hand made lace as an accessory to the toilet. Crocheted lace is also very popular. In the easily made princess applique the woman of limited means has an opportunity of providing herself with everything requisite, or in adding to a slender income by making it for others.

There is no limit to the number of articles which can be made in this lace, from the entire dress to a child's bonnet, while it is equally adaptable for a tea cosey, tablecloth border or cusion cover.

The illustration shows a very simple design for the beginner, worked on the new shape cuff, and the materials used. The design is so simple that the merest tyro will find no difficulty in drawing it with pen and ink on a piece of white, somewhat tough but pliable paper cut to the shape.

Tack the net carefully over the lines as illustrated. Then remove the net, and darn in the centers with embroidery cotton.

The little rings can be bought or made by winding cotton round a small mesh, and then working over this ring a close row of ordinary buttonhole stitch, and then sewn into place. Be careful to sew the braid on the outside of the curves first. When the sewing is completed press the work on the reverse side with a hot iron.

The best method of cleaning princess lace is to cover a board with linen and pin the lace to it. Then pass the board several times through warm, soapy water. Afterward through clean tepid water to thoroughly rinse. If there remain any dirty spots they can be dabbed with a sponge dipped in warm soapy water until the stain disappears, then again rinsed. Shake the board gently, and put up to dry. On no account must the lace be rubbed or squeezed. If ironing be necessary place the lace face downward on the ironing board, which has been covered with several folds of soft flannel and a piece of cambric. Then place a piece of thin muslin over the lace, and press carefully with a hot iron.

ABIGAIL HOADLEY OF BRANFORD TOWN

Abigail Hoadley of Branford Town
(Before it was ever a town lived she),
A black-eyed maid in a flowered gown,
A slip of a girl in dimity;
In seventeen hundred and sixty-three
They gave her her name, and wrote it down
In the brass-clasped volume from over-sea—
Abigail Hoadley of Branford Town.

Faith, but she lived in troublesome times!
As a little lass did she pale to hear
Old stories of redskins' raids and crimes,
And stitch her sampler awry with fear;
Or a maiden grown in the days austere
Did she flout King George and his taxing crown,
Or drink her to the townfolks' jeer—
Abigail Hoadley of Branford Town.

Slender and dusky and blithe and fair,
Somehow I picture you, Abigail dear,
And I wonder, too, who your lovers were—
Soldier or parson or buccaneer?
Red coat or blue did you scoff or cheer?
On scholar or sailor smile or frown?
To none or to all lend a willing ear?
Abigail Hoadley of Branford Town.

And yet, what mattered it, frown or smile?
Full short were your years, or grim or gay.
Such a little, pathetic, useless while
It seemed as I stood by your grave today.
Just twenty-one in the month of May,
When your kinsmen brought you and laid you down
On this quiet slope where the sea winds play—
Abigail Hoadley of Branford Town.

A weeping willow they carved for you
(Surely not sorry enough by half!),
And I hope, my dear, that you never knew
Your prim, little, gruesome epitaph.
How should you warn us of rage and wrath,
In slender letters the mosses brown?
You who were ever too fain to laugh,
Abigail Hoadley of Branford Town.

The old town sleeps in the summer sun,
The white sails drift in the blue below,
And your friends have come to you, every one,
Lovers and kinsfolk in row on row.
Oh, quaint-named neighbors of long ago,
Cherish her well of your old renown,
Seeing aforetime you loved her so—
Abigail Hoadley of Branford Town.

—Theodosia Garrison in The Woman's Home Companion.

WHAT THEY WANTED

"If you could have just what you wanted, what would you have?" I asked my class of seven in the mission school.

Surprise was on every face. They dreamed of many things, but never expected to have their dreams realized.

"What would you have, Mary Rosham?"

"I'd have a piece of red ribbon, so long," measuring with her hands outstretched. "I see some in Finney's winder, all hangin' down, an' it had tulips the whole piece of it."

"What would you do with it?"

The poor child's dress was thin and old. Her hood was too large, and her coat never was made by a tailor or fitted to her childish figure.

"I'd keep it rolled up in paper, an' when I was that cold I shook, I'd take it out and jes' drop it an' see it roll out like a blaze of fire. I seen the man what was fixin' the winder do it."

"The price even a small piece of that ribbon would buy bread for several days," I said, wonderingly.

"I'd eat the bread, but I'd have the ribbon, for always," was the concise remark.

Grace Dunn sat next in order, and with a look at her sister, a deformed, crooked-backed girl, she said:

"I wish I could have one of them cushions what ye blow up, to put under Ferry's back when she aches so."

"Oh, shut up! I hain't ached much for two whole days, an' I don't need no cushion," was the sharp rejoinder from Ferry.

"Well, Ferry, what do you want more than an air cushion?"

A wave of rapture swept over her face as she answered.

"Some blue kid slippers! Jim Townsend took me to the musee, an' I see a girl jes' stan' on tiptoe and whirl roun' and roun' in 'em."

"How could you wear them?" and I glanced at her shriveled foot, and then at the crutch always standing near her.

"Wal, I could think, spos'n I could."

The youngest in the class was asked if she wanted a doll, but she indignantly said she didn't. I should have provided each one of them with a doll had I followed my own inclination. How fortunate that I thought to ask what they wanted!

"I'd nuff sight druther hav' Sally's baby. He'll jes' laugh and cuddle down so cute like. We don't need no doll so long's we've got him. Sally she divides with me, she doos, an' when I touches him so on his cheek, he shines all over his face. Doll! I'd never git no doll that ud do that!"

I did not blame her, for what doll could silence the craving in my own heart for the little ones gone? Who that has felt a baby's touch can ever again be content with mere beauty, be it clothed in silk and imported from Paris?

"Then what would you like?" I asked.

She and Sally both agreed that a silver mug for baby Danny would fill them with happiness untold.

Rubi Vallini had gone away, and we wondered what she would ask for were she here and one child said:

"She wants books, an' she can remember everything, and she tells it to somebody else every day. She's told lots of folks what you said."

The other child wanted some pink tissue paper, and a white puffy thing to wear round her neck. By questioning her closely I made out that she meant an ostrich feather boa such as I had seen Ruth King wear, and for which she told me her mother paid fifteen dollars. Poor little one! she wanted it because it looked so warm and she had all her life been shivering.

The next Sunday I provided a substitute for my mission class, and went into the Sunday school of the wealthy church which had care of the mission. I told my story. Not a smile was on the faces of those who listened. It was too pitiful. Tears glistened on some faces, and many of the older members seemed to have bad colds.

Of course it was intended to have a fine tree and presents for every pupil, but now it was moved that these extra gifts chould be provided. And so it happened that blue kid shoes were bought for feet that could never wear them; a silver mug and pitcher for Sally and the friend who shared her care of Danny; a long strip of the very ribbon that Mary had admired in Finney's window; a roll of tissue paper and a fur collar made a merry time for the one who was always cold. It had once been worn by some more fortunate child, but it mattered little so long as it was warm and soft.

I have seen the pink paper draped round the poor room in honor of my coming. I have seen Danny drink from his silver mug, while Sally stood joyfully by to pour the thin blue milk from the silver pitcher. I have been told many stories of the journeys of the blue kid slippers while Ferry lay with eyes shut and imagined that she was wearing them away to those wonderful places. I have seen the little one sitting on a stone step shivering while she loaned her fur collar to one whose chilled shoulders had brought tears to her eyes.

It did seem a foolish thing at first to try to gratify these strange tastes, but I am glad I did, for every one is the better for the gift.—N. A. M. Roe, in Unity.

The Old Camp-Meeting

The editor was glad to find this description of an old-time camp meeting, because it is a sort of "heart warmer," and makes one wonder if camp meetings like the one described are still in existence. If anyone who reads this account knows from experience that camp meetings of the kind it tells about are held anywhere in this great country of ours, we wish The Blade might have a letter about it to use on the Household page.

"It is good," said a bright woman, "to be young and feel young; young enough to be in sympathy with modern progress, and yet to be old enough to remember the old camp meeting as it was before the innovations, and to have known it from the inside.

"In those days there were no flaming handbills, no 'gate receipts,' no excursion trains. The camp meeting we knew belonged to the life of the people, and was a normal expression of their religious feeling.

"It came each year after the harvest, and before the frost. We looked forward to it all the year. It was there that we learned the new hymns we were to sing all the year till the next camp meeting. There we would meet old friends; there we would hear great preachers. It was our Chautauqua assembly, our intellectual and social and religious Feast of Tabernacles.

"Yes, I know it is the custom to make fun of it, and I do not forget that there were oddities and excesses; but these were largely in the life of the people, and not wholly to be charged to the meeting. The things which appear in the ordinary descriptions of those occasions are not the ones that I remember. The noise and fanaticism were not the whole of the meeting; there was much that was different.

"Our family was one of the most active in the preparations for the meetings. We always went to 'the cleaning' the week before. The brush was cut away from the ground, the spring was dug out, the 'tents' were scrubbed, and all was got ready. Two or three neighboring farmers drew over a load of straw each, and we filled the beds; and as we worked we planned and talked.

"The tents were really slab cabins, for the most part, and were located round a hollow square. There were a few tents that had three or even four rooms. Ours had only two, as most of them had; but to this day I have satisfaction in remembering that ours was in the front row.

"Such cooking as there was the week before! Such ironing and starching and packing! And what excitement as we loaded all into the wagon and jolted off to the camp ground, getting our own tent settled, and watching and greeting the later arrivals as they came! And what appetites we had! And what cooking! Fried chicken never was so good. Hot biscuits and corn bread melted in one's mouth, with the butter spread upon them. And as for the hoe-cakes and buckwheats, how they disappeared in the ham gravy and maple-syrup!

"We were long in getting to sleep the first night and early to waken in the morning. How many birds there were in the woods! How early they began to sing! And soon as we were at work getting breakfast we would hear some one singing, as she fried the bacon:

"'A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify.'

"The ordinary short-meter tunes do very well for indoors, but for the early morning at camp-meeting the old tune 'Kentucky' is the tune that fits. We would begin humming it, and others would do the same, and soon there was singing all round the camp, and the song prepared our hearts for the meeting.

"There were preachers from round home, and preachers from abroad, and once a real bishop. The seats were hard and rough and backless, and the sermons were many, and long, and some of them, I doubt not, crude enough. And the things that amuse modern flippant writers were doubtless in evidence. But we knew lives that were changed and hopes that were revived. We knew the friendships renewed and the new songs learned. And all the year through we had something to remember and something to look forward to.

"So I say it is good still to feel young, and to belong to a generation with more years to live and with hopes and ideals of the present, and still to remember, not the oddities and extravagances, but the social and intellectual and spiritual benefits of the good old-fashioned camp meetings."

THE COZY CORNER

The editor is much pleased that so many letters are coming to this column from farmers' wives. And what busy women they are! Every one who writes is doing so much for her home and family, and yet there is not one word of complaint because there is so much to do. Someone has written that "the farmer is the bulwark of the nation." From the letters that have come to the Cozy Corner the editor is thinking that farmers' wives are the "backbone" of the nation.

Keep on writing, farmers' wives, you are very welcome.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

Well, as the editor says we mak ask questions, I come with two. Does any one know whether this continent was inhabited by human beings two thousand years ago? We read of Asia, Africa and Europe, but not of the place that is now called America.

Another question is: Is Ellen Terry, an actress who married and went to England, the Ellen Terry that so much was said about in the papers a number of years ago? She was trying to get some money from the estate of a rich man.

I like to read the letters from the M. G. R's. I wish they would write more, or that more of them would write. Some write good, sensible letters. I think "Oregon Bach" is not far out of the way. What does a man want of a wife if she is not a helpmate? He better live a bachelor all his life rather than to have some women I have seen, and I have seen some women that better have lived old maids rather than to have married the men they did.

Have any of the Cozy Cornerites read David Harum? He lived in New York state and died about fifteen years ago. He was a queer man about some things, and he told some funny stories. One of them was this:

A couple was going to be married. Neither the man nor the woman was of much account. The man was about forty and the woman was a great deal younger. When the minister who married them asked the man what he had to get married on, he said he had the promise of two days' work the next week. The same question was asked the woman, and she said she had ninety cents coming to her for work she had done the week before.

Well, I must stop now, as I have knitted a long yarn, but I could talk a lot more.—"Old Subscriber."

The Ellen Terry whose marriage was recent newspaper news, is a great English actress. I do not think she is the Ellen Terry to whom you refer. Your other question, asking whether this continent was inhabited two thousand years ago, I am going to leave to some of our readers to answer. I think it should bring some interesting information.—Ed.

AN ORIGINAL POEM.

From one of our sisters who signs herself "Bereaved Mother," we have these pretty verses, entitled, The Picture on the Wall:

I am sitting in the twilight,
Darkness gathering over all;
I am gazing, sadly gazing,
At a picture on the wall.

'Tis of one who, once among us,
Made home happy with his song.
Can it be that he has left us,
Never, never to return?

We have put away his music,
Put away the songs he sung.
He is singing sweeter anthems
In that bright and heavenly home.

He is sleeping 'neath the flowers—
Sweet forget-me-nots of spring—
And it seems that he is watching
While the flowers he loved, I bring.

Oft I think I hear his footsteps
And his merry, happy call;
But he's gone, and all that's left me
Is his picture on the wall.

IN NEBRASKA.

I am a constant reader of The Blade, and I am very much pleased with the kind letters we have each week, so I thought I ought to do as I wish to be done by. My home is in Nebraska, near the west bank of the Missouri river. I can take the field glasses and see Hamburg, Jana and Watson, Missouri, and the Nebraska state normal school at Peru. I have just recovered from a sickness, so I cannot stay long this time, but if my letter doesn't find the waste basket I will come again in the future.—A Tired Mother.

You see, you didn't fall into the waste paper basket, and you never will. So come again, soon.—Ed.

A LONELY GIRL.

Perhaps some of the mothers who read this letter from a lonely girl may think of some kind message to send her through this column:

Dear Cozy Corner Friends:—This has been my first attempt to write to The Blade. My father has long been a reader of it, though. I also share in reading it, especially the Cozy Corner page. I have been so interested in the letters, I have attempted to write more than once. I live in Indiana. My mother is dead and I keep house for my father and two sisters. My age is fourteen, and I am a lonely kind of a girl. I would be very thankful if any of the Cozy Corner friends could send the words to a song named Pearl Bryan, to be published in The Blade. I am a lonely girl and I am fond of songs. If I see my letter in print, I will write again and tell about my Indiana home.—Lonely Mayme.

You are very welcome, little girl, and we shall be glad to have you come to the Cozy Corner at any time.—Ed.

AN INSPIRING SONG.

C. J. M. sends us a Crusader song, to help us on the way:

Why sit mourning o'er this world and its care?
Why not fight it with a will and a dare!
A will for the good, a dare for the right,
None can be losers in such a fight.

Though life will not all be an ecstasy;
The spirit at least will get strong and free,
As children of God, we're intended to be,
Who o'er worldliness gains a victory.

TO A TROUBLED MOTHER.

On the Household page for June 13 there appeared a letter signed "Troubled Mother." We have had two letters in answer to this, which we are glad to print, becouse they are of interest and value to all mothers.—Ed.:

I would say to Troubled Mother, I am afraid you have made the same mistake thousands of mothers are making. You have not had your child's entire confidence. When our children are small, their first exclamation, when they think they are badly treated, is, "I'll tell my mamma."

How many of us mothers have had the tact to retain that confidence until our children have gained their majority? If we have lost it, we are to blame because we have treated the troubles they have come to us with lightly. I know that it is possible for mothers to so entwine themselves around their girls and boys with such a love that that they will not only be mothers to their children, but real companions and "chums" if you please. We mothers must use much good judgment in dealing with our dear ones, but it must be love—love that gains and keeps their confidence.

Years ago, a small boy of twelve years came to me and said, "Mamma, I shall marry Grace, for she is the prettiest and best girl in town."

My answer was, "all right, dear, if when you are twenty-five years old and you think as you do now, we will have a big wedding. But you have much to learn before you are a man, and when you are a man your choice is mamma's choice."

Years rolled by. The boy had become a man, working in a great office in a large city, when a letter came from him, saying, "Mamma, you remember the girl I loved so well years ago? Well, she is beautiful, and good as she is beautiful, and I am coming home soon to tell you all about my hopes and fears."

Think you, "Troubled Mother," if I had treated his first love affair indifferently, he would have come to me when a man of twenty-five to ask mother's advice before asking the, to him, best girl in the world to be his wife?

I answer no. Mothers, gain and keep the confidence of your boys and girls through love, and then you will be a—Happy Mother.

There's as true a sermon in Happy Mother's letter as was ever written.—Ed.

REQUESTS.

My mother is threatened with creeping paralysis and I would liwe to have any one that knows, or has ever heard of a remedy, to kindly send it to The Blade. Our doctor says he can do nothing, for he knows of no remedy although he thinks there must be remedies. Mother has been an invalid for years. I send thanks to anyone that can assist me.

Yellow Rose writes:—"I have searched the Cozy Corner every week since I sent in my request for Snow Flake knitting pattern, but have failed to see it. However, I am not discouraged. I am crippled and do a great deal of knitting, and am always thankful for new patterns."

Can anyone come to the assistance of Yellow Rose?—Ed.

A FEW REMARKS.

Mrs. W. S. W.—Your letter is received and will be published. Meantime, be sure to read Happy Mother's letter in this column. It may help you.—Ed.

We are glad to receive letters from Contentment and Nervy. They're good ones, too.

A Subscriber sends us an article entitled "Things Too Little Understood." We have not had time to read it, but we have time to say "Thank you."—Ed.

Spot Cleansers

If anyone would like to ask a question or questions regarding ways to clean spots from wearing apparel, house furnishings, stains on the skin or toilet hints, the editor will be glad to answer them, if possible. Address letters to The Weekly Blade, Toledo, O., writing in the lower left hand corner of the envelope "Household Editor."

Black Cloth: Brush carefully, then dip a clean whiskbroom in a cup of strong strained coffee, to which has been added one teaspoonful of strong ammonia. Shake most of the liquid out of the broom and brush the fabric quickly. Clean the spots by sponging with a mixture of ammonia, alcohol and water in equal parts. Grease may be removed by sponging with salt dissolved in alcohol in the proportion of one spoonful of salt to four of alcohol. When dry, cover with a dark woolen cloth which has previously been slightly dampened, and press with a hot iron.

Soiled velvet coat collars: Dip a tooth or nail brush into gasoline and rub briskly. The soil will disappear.

Ribbons: Spread the ribbon smoothly on a clean board or marble. Rub white soap on it and brush with a stiff brush until all the grease is extracted; rinse in cold water without crumpling the silk, or brush off the soap with cold water. Alcohol may be used to remove the grease.

Satin: If very soiled pour one and one-half tablespoonfuls of kerosene into three quarts of soapsuds and soak the satin about two hours. Move the fabric up and down in clear warm water and soap and rinse well. When nearly dry, press.

Grease on Silk: Rub the spot rapidly with brown paper, and the friction will draw out the grease, or lay the silk over an ironingboard, right side down, between blotting papers, and apply an iron just hot enough to scorch the paper.

Machine oil: Cover the spots thickly with lard, and in three or four hours wash with cold water and soap. This applies to wash goods only.

Candle Grease: Scrape off as much of the grease as possible; place the fabric between blotting papers and press with a hot iron, changing the paper frequently. It is well to finally sponge with chloroform or ether. If the fabric is very delicate, sprinkle dry French chalk over the spots, cover with blotting paper, and, if possible, allow it to stand a day or so; if not, press on top of the paper with a warm iron.

Wagon Grease: Rub lard on the stain, then wash with water and soap.

Perspiration Stains: Applications of soap lye and ammonia will prove most efficient, or rub on the stain a thick lather of white soap and place in the sun. Repeat if necessary.

THE MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

Last week, Miss Prudence announcthat she felt "snubbed," because she was not receiving enough letters in response to her list of questions. This week she wishes to "beg pardon," she cried before she was hurt. The letters are coming in rapidly, and the answers are good ones. The first to arrive was from Florida Old Man, so it is no more than fair for him to head the column.

To the M. G. R.'s.—After thanking Indiana Wabash for her good advice, and stating that I may yet follow it, I must answer some, at least, of Miss Prudence's questions.

First. The highest virtue is certainly integrity. One possessing this virtue and good health will succeed, provided industry is not forgotten.

Second: A womanly woman meets my ideas of what is best in woman. This trait carries with it all the other admirable qualities that God intended should be combined in a perfect woman.

Third: Truthfulness, honor, integrity, industry, a kindly heart, a respect for the feelings of others. This is a manly man. These qualities certainly speak for themselves and require no explanation.

Fourth: My weak point? Well, when I think of it, there are so many that I hardly know which is the worst. I have heard it said by friends that it was complete failure to appreciate a woman sufficient to marry. Enemies say it is too stubborn a disposition, etc. I will think this matter over and will give my own answer at another time.

We certainly must thank Miss Prudence for these questions for they cause thoughts to arise that are for our benefit. I expect to be at Jamestown Exposition in July, and will wear a M. G. R. badge, or one like it, as some of my friends have had a gold one made and presented it to me at a recent function. I shall be in Saratoga at the Triennial Conclave of Knights Templars in July, and will stop at the exposition either going or coming.—"Florida Old Man."

Look at that now! He has a gold M. G. R. badge. He surely should receive congratulations.

Dear M. G. R.'s:—I am so much interested in those questions proposed for discussion that I shall attempt to give my answers in a brief form.

My favorite virtue is sincerity. Perhaps I can explain myself in saying this: "Be true to yourself, to your instincts, feelings and judgments at all times."

Women find it so easy to "smooth things over," to tell their friends one thing and mean another. Men make light of serious matters because sincerity of purpose might injure their business or political standing. In short, so many of us live lies.

I admire modesty in a woman. Not only modesty in speech, but in dress and manners. So much has been said of the loud and slangy talking girl, that I will not say much about it. I admit another failing is false modesty, or rather, over-modesty, but of the two extremes the latter is certainly preferable. Modesty is an admirable quality in a man. The kind of modesty which my brother meant when he said: "I have never heard Joe say anything which he would be ashamed to have his mother or sister hear."

My weak point is speaking bluntly. My opinion is not always necessary, nor is it always best for me to speak the cold facts which I sometimes give. I must learn to think before I speak. —"Dona."

You are sound in your reasoning, "Dona."

You will find my answer to the question, What is your favorite virtue? in the XIIIth chapter of I Corinthians, because it is my opinion that if a person has enough of charity or love in his heart for his fellow man, he will not stray very far from the Golden Rule.

'Tis love that tenderly watches over "country lass" from "Old Missouri" who wishes to be admitted to your charming circle. I have been reading with interest the column of the M. G. R.'s, and wishing I might be called an M. G. R., but have never been able to pick up courage enough to write and ask to be one.

No, "Miss Ouri," you are not the only one of the M. G. R.'s that loves music. I do myself, and I give mandolin lessons. I am also a Sunday school teacher and secretary and treasurer.

As this is my first attempt, I will not write on the subject in discussion just now, but will wait and see if I am admitted.—Peggy Jane.

Dear M. G. R.'s:—I am coming to ask admittance to your merry circle. I have been reading the letters for a couple of years with great interest. I am like "Viola Lewis," I like the country better than the city. The birds build their nests right in our dooryards. I like to see Mrs. Robin bring bugs and worms to feed her babies.

"Miss Ouri," you are not the only one who loves music, as I dearly love it, but am sorry to say we have no musical instrument.

To the one who was asking if anyone knew who is the author of Elizabeth and Her German Garden, I will answer it was written by Countess Von Arnhim. Well, I guess I had better close or my letter will find the waste basket.—"An Iowa Cowgirl."

The Toledo Blade has been a favorite in my father's home for several years, and I have lately taken delight in the Cozy Corner page. I am truly glad I can tell the M. G. R. girls that my home is in the country. I am a great lover of the beautiful and natural country, where the great trees can wave their branches over my head and I can see the modest flowers growing here and there. I am a great lover of music and I never hear any of the M. G. R. band speak of it. Surely I am not the only one among you that loves it. As this is my first letter I will close. With best wishes to you all.—"Dolly Dimple."

"OLD DOMINION GIRL."

Dear M. G. R.'s:—Here comes another M. G. R. from "Old Missouri." Will you admit a Buckeye boy into your happy circle? I have been a reader of The Blade for some time and delight in reading the cheerful and interesting letters of M. G. R. members. I live among the beautiful hills and winding streams of southern Ohio, certainly among the most beautiful scenery that admirers of the beautiful could desire.

As to the subject of correspondence, I concur with Pennemite Jake, in that the girls should request correspondence, considering there are a great many very worthy young men who feel wholly unworthy of paying address to the dainty femininity they so much admire. Consequently they are so sensitive of slight that they could not in the first instance divulge the secret of an attachment. Suffice it to say there are other reasons. —Farmer Boy.

Don't be so bashful.—Ed.

Dear M. G. R.'s: Will you admit another West Virginia girl into your happy circle? I live near the center of the state, and my home is surrounded by the dear old hills of West Virginia. I have been a silent reader of the M. G. R. letters for some time, and, if admitted, will try to live up to the motto. If this escapes the waste basket, I will come again and try to write something more interesting. With love to all the M. G. R.'s.—Black-Eyed Clara.

You see, your letter got by the basket. —Ed.

REMARKS BY MISS PRUDENCE.

Letters are received from Annie Laurie, Phrenologist, Violette La Von, Mistigay and Jas. Mason, formerly 'Sunny Jim." Every one is welcome, and the letters will be published as soon as possible.

Bookie:—Will you kindly send your name and address to Miss Prudence? I wish to communicate with you by personal letter.

Maybe you have noticed that Old Dominion Girl was kind enough to send us her picture, that we might know something of what she looks like. Good examples should be followed.

Annie Laurie: Your order for a badge is received. Thank you.

I wonder if the new members of the M. G. R. know there is a badge for the circle. Of course you are a member whether you have a badge or not, but I thought I would mention it. The badges cost fifteen cents, either in coin or stamps, and as they are of solid silver and of very pretty design, they are really worth twice what is charged for them. M. G. R. badges are scattered all over this broad country of ours. They have gone north, south, east and west, and are still going. If you wish to have one send fifteen cents in a letter addressed to The Weekly Blade, Toledo, O., placing in the lower left hand corner of the envelope, M. G. R.

Erminie:—Will you kindly send your name and address to the M. G. R. again? "I done lost it," and there is something I want to write to you about.—Miss Prudence.

AYS HE CAN PHOTOGRAPH THE SOUL

rice Seeks Permission to Experiment on Dying Patients at Bellevue Hospital.

ew York, July 3.—The unheard-of im that he has discovered a method which he can photograph the human l is advanced by Henry Price, a re- d professor of music at Mount Ver- Mr. Price announced he is actu- seeking permission to make experi- ts at Bellevue hospital that will onstrate the extraordinary scientific e of his discovery.

Mr. Price says he has made great dway in his researches as a result of recent declaration by scientists in ton that they had been able to gh the human soul, and had found it balanced the scales at a good ounce.

"It is impossible to hypnotize a era," said Mr. Price.

Besides, photography records an in- e number of things invisible to the ed eye. I want half a dozen sci- fic men to witness the experiments. I want a stop watch to record the e the soul takes in transition."

Of course, I don't know what it s like, but I am sure it does not ch more than a drachm."

What becomes of the soul after it taken flight?"

According to my belief the soul does not really take flight. It passes into another body, but it has to be removed by some one whom we will call an angel or an agent of Deity. The angel has to remove the soul from the body while it is yet warm and put it into another being. If the person does not deserve another life then the Deity does not send for his soul and he is dead, like a common animal."

Price visited Dr. George T. Elliott, of No. 36 East Thirty-fifth street, and invited him to assist in the experiment.

"He did not seem to take much interest in it," said Mr. Price.

Mr. Price, who was forty years the baritone soloist of Trinity church, New York, says he has made the subject a life study and he is convinced that the soul has a real existence, and that the reason it cannot be seen in taking its flight from the body is because those present at the time of death are invariably hypnotized. The theory that the soul really exists, Professor Price says, is borne out by the fact that the body lightens immediately after death.

Unfortunately, however, the Bellevue authorities do not appreciate the value to science or religion of Mr. Price's theories, and refuse to make room at deathbed scenes for Mr. Price, his flock of kodaks, army of clockers, scientific men, etc.

CHMITZ GETS 5 YEARS

n Francisco Chief Executive Must Go to the Pen.

an Francisco, July 8.—Mayor Eugene Schmitz, convicted of extortion, was y sentenced to five years in the pen- tiary. When the sentence was pro- nced there was a remarkable outburst applause from the hundreds of per- s who crowded Judge Dunne's court m.

Judge Dunne sentenced Mayor mitz to imprisonment in San Quen- penitentiary. Sentence today fol- ed the recent conviction of Schmitz extorting $1,175 from French res- rant keepers of San Francisco.

s the last words of the sentence from the judge's lips the great wd that had stood throughout the matic scene, sent up a trunderous er.

Good for you," shouted a man in back of the room. His ejacula- was echoed and re-echoed by one er another of the spectators. Sev- l threw their hats into the air; ers scrambled upon chairs to look r the shoulders of the crowd. The atest confusion prevailed. Attor- Fairall, of the defense, raisin his e above the din, called out to Judge nne:

Your honor, this cheering is a y unseemly occurrence."

Well," retorted Judge Dunne with it, "if we had a sheriff worthy of name it would have been stopped ickly."

Sheriff Thomas O'Neill was stand- inside the rail. He turned to the rt and protested.

Nobody could have stopped that, r honor."

ECT SHAFT LEDYARD

s One of Dartmouth's Most Remarkable Characters.

sociated With John Paul Jones and Traveled All Lands and Seas.

anover, N. H., July 6.—The placing a small granite shaft on the east k of the Connecticut river thirty s north of the Ledyard or Hanover Norwich bridge to perpetuate the mory of John Ledyard has aroused rest anew in one of the most nota- and peculiar characters that at- ded Dartmouth college during the y period of its existence. The fol- ing inscription is on the monument: John Ledyard, in 1772 a freshman in rtmouth college, on this spot felled gantic pine, from which he made noe and in it descended the river Hartford, Conn. He was a traveler ong the Indians, an associate of n Paul Jones and an officer under tain Cook, traversing all oceans and etrating all lands.

He foresaw and foretold the riches the Pacific coast and the advantages commerce with the Far East. When t to cross Africa he died in Egypt the age of 37. He, too, heard the e crying in the wilderness. His the Dartmouth spirit.

Anno Domini, 1907."

Ledyard first came to Hanover in the ng of 1772, driving up from Hart- d, Conn., in a sulky, the first ever n in the town. Later in the same r, leaving his lessons, in which he s no mean scholar, he went down to banks of the Connecticut river, cut n a tall pine, and, as tradition re- s, hewed from it a log canoe in ch he placed a huge bearskin, two ks (an Ovid and a Greek Testa- nt), some provisions of Indian bread started on his journey about the d.

bsorbed in the perusal of Ovid, he ly lost his life at Bellows Falls. eventually arrived at Hartford. e he studied theology for a short e and then shipped for Gibraltar. re, dazzled by a military parade, he sted as a private. He was released by request, made a trip to Amer- and next is found traveling afoot England with an Irishman, both ry and scant of raiment.

earning that Captain Cook was pre- ng for his third voyage around the d, Ledyard was fired with a desire ail with him and was accepted as rporal of marines. He was with k at the time the latter was attack- and killed by savages and later lished a book at Hartford giving an unt of the voyage.

RMER SENATOR IS DEAD

G. McMaken Dies Suddenly in Indiana.

artinsville, Ind., July 6.—J. G. Mc- en, a former prominent politician of , 61 years old, died suddenly last ing at a sanitarium while conversing his wife. He came here a week ago ring from Bright's disease.

had served in the Ohio senate and in lower house of the state legislature. body was taken to Hamilton, O., for

ROCKEFELLER IS FOUND

Subpoena Served at Home of Son-in-Law.

Head of Standard Must Now Face the Federal Court in Chicago Saturday.

Pittsfield, Mass., July 4.—After a search lasting nearly two weeks, in which representatives of the United States marshals of Chicago, Cleveland, New York and Boston have been endeavoring to serve upon John D. Rockefeller, head of the Standard Oil company, a subpoena issued by Judge Landis, of the federal court of Chicago, Mr. Rockefeller was located in this city late yesterday and personal service made upon him by Deputy United States Marshal Charles L. Frink, of North Adams.

After accepting service, Mr. Rockefeller explained that he had not been endeavoring to dodge service, but that he did not know exactly what was wanted of him.

Early in the day Deputy Marrshals Frink and James Ruhl, the latter of the Boston office, visited Taconic Farm, but E. Parmelee Prentice told them that his father-in-law was not there. The officers professed to be satisfied with the statement, and departed, remarking that they had no search warrant which would permit them to go through the house.

Deputy Ruhl boarded the train for Boston and Deputy Frink went to his home in North Adams, about 25 miles from this city. Later Deputy Frink decided to pay another visit to the farm and he returned to Pittsfield and secretly drove out there in the afternoon. He proceeded through the wooded driveway into the open space in front of the house and recognized Mr. Rockefeller sitting on the piazza. The deputy passed the subpoena to the oil man, explaining at the same time that Mr. Rockefeller's presence in the federal court at Chicago, on July 6, was demanded.

Mr. Rockefeller accepted service with a smile, shook hands with the deputy and expressed pleasure at meeting him. He invited the officer to sit on the piazza and rest, which invitation was accepted. Mr. Rockefeller chatted for a few minutes, saying that he had not intended to evade the officers, but that he did not know exactly what was desired of him.

He referred to the newspaper stories that have been printed about him recently and ridiculed the idea that he had been surrounded by armed guards or that the Taconic Farm estate had been equipped with a searchlight.

As the officer was leaving the house Mr. Rockefeller again shook hands with him, said he was glad to have met him and added. "If you are ever near my home I hope you will come and call on me."

It is thought that Mr. Rockefeller was advised after the morning call of the officers that he had better accept service.

ROCKEFELLER ON STAND

Pleads Ignorance of Workings of the Standard.

Investigation Lasted Two Hours and Witnesses Are Discharged, Says Judge.

Chicago, July 6.—With his attorneys and eleven other officers of the Standard Oil company, including William Rockefeller, John D. Rockefeller, the so-called richest man in the world, faced a federal court room filled with attorneys and spectators today.

The inquiry conducted by Judge Landis into the standing and financial resources of the Standard Oil company commenced and was finished inside of two hours.

Very little information was derived from Mr. Rockefeller. He declared that he had not been in active business for twelve years and that he had not been in the company's offices for eight years. He said the capital stock of the Standard Oil company of New Jersey was $100,000,000. He said he did not know that the company had any other business beyond the refining of oil, and if the Standard Oil company of New Jersey was interested in the ownership or operation of any refineries outside of the state of New Jersey he knew nothing of it.

From other witnesses Judge Landis derived the information that the Standard Oil company of New Jersey is the owner of a large proportion of the stock of the Standard Oil company of Indiana, which was recently convicted of rebating in connection with the Chicago & Alton road. It also owns a large share of the Union Tank line.

William Not Called.

William Rockefeller and John D. Archbold were in the court room, but were not called to the stand.

Marshal Hoy had men scattered throughout the building, while government secret service agents were also stationed about, so as to provide against any possible attempt to injure Mr. Rockefeller.

An hour before the usual hour of opening court a crowd of people was gathered in the hallway outside the court room, packing the narrow hallway to the point of suffocation. A squad of deputy marshals and a detail of police officers were placed along the hall, and before the doorway of the court room. The police and deputies, time and again, were compelled to use strenuous measures to hold the crowd in check. The insistence of the would-be spectators was so great, however, that the police were nearly swept from their feet by the constant surging and pressure. The jam around the door when it was opened at 9:40 was terrific.

The majority of the spectators were in and seated when Mr. Rockefeller made his appearance at the end of the hall attended by a few friends and his counsel. A passageway was opened for him by the police and he walked slowly down the hall to the court room, the crowd closing in behind him, eager to catch a glimpse of the so-called richest man in the world.

Speculators in Fight.

Immediately after the entrance of Mr. Rockefeller to the court room pandemonium broke loose in the hallway. The crowd pushed at the policemen, and the policemen, gasping and perspiring shoved back in desperate fashion. From struggling with the police two members of the crowd soon turned upon each other, and a few spontaneous punching matches enlivened the already strenuous proceedings in the hall. So serious did the situation become that United States Marshal Hoy was compelled to telephone to police headquarters for additional help.

The parallel of such a situation was never before witnessed in or about a federal court room in Chicago. Inside the court room proper the jam was nearly as bad as in the hall outside. The walls were lined with spectators unable to secure seats. Others filled the window seats, jammed the doorways, sat upon chairs in couples and even squatted on the floor.

The standard oil case was called at 10:27 by Judge Landis. District Attorney Sims briefly stated the facts in the case as previously outlined.

Attorney John S. Miller for the Standard Oil company then announced that Mr. Rockefeller and other witnesses summoned by the court were present and prepared to answer the questions of the court.

Mr. Miller then entered a motion in arrest of judgment in the case.

"Overruled," said Judge Landis shortly.

Fred A. Wann, former general freight agent of the Chicago & Alton railroad during the time covered by the indictment was the first witness called to the stand. After being asked a few questions regarding freight rates he was excused and H. E. Felton, president of the Union Tank line, was called.

Rockefeller Excused.

"Do you know whether or not the stock of the Union Tank line company is owned by any other company?" he was asked.

"The major part of its stock is owned by the Standard Oil company of New Jersey."

"Do you know what the outstanding stock of the Standard Oil company of New Jersey is?"

"No, sir."

"John D. Rockefeller," called Judge Landis.

Amid dead silence the oil magnate arose to his feet and started for the witness chair. At the same moment the Standard Oil attorneys clustered around Judge Landis' desk and began a whispered consultation with him. Mr. Rockefeller hesitated.

"Sit right still a moment, John," said his brother, and Mr. Rockefeller resumed his seat.

Messrs. Miller and Rosenthal, of the Standard Oil; Sims and Wilkerson, of the federal court, and Arthur Eddy, Chicago attorney for the Standard Oil, held a low voiced conversation with Judge Landis which stretched into the minutes. Mr. Rockefeller meanwhile waiting with a mildly curious expression on his face.

Finally an understanding as to the questioning was reached and the attorneys resumed their seats.

Oil King Takes Stand.

"John D. Rockefeller," again called Judge Landis, and John D. Rockefeller, president of the Standard Oil company of New Jersey, left his seat, walked slowly to the witness chair at the right of Judge Landis, and raised his right hand as the clerk administered the oath "to swear to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but he truth, so help your God."

"I do," affirmed Mr. Rockefeller distinctly as the clerk finished.

Mr. Rockefeller sat down, crossed his legs, leaned his right hand on his cane, put his left hand on the judge's desk, and looked intently at Judge Landis.

"Mr. Rockefeller," asked Judge Landis, "have you any connection with the Standard Oil company?"

"I am president of the Standard Oil company of New Jersey," said Mr. Rockefeller deliberately.

"The position is purely an honorary one, and has been for the last eight or ten years," he resumed. "I have taken no active part in its affairs during that time."

"What is the outstanding capital stock of the Standard Oil company of New Jersey?" asked Judge Landis.

"Object," ejaculated Mr. Miller.

"Overruled," said Judge Landis.

"I believe about $100,000,000 is outstanding," said Mr. Rockefeller. "I do not state this definitely, your honor."

"You think, then, it is about $100,000,000?"

"That is my idea."

"Produce Oil," Says John.

Mr. Rockefeller spoke very deliberately, invariably looking toward his attorneys before answering Judge Landis' questions, but listening closely to the judge, as the latter, leaning toward the oil magnate, slowly enunciated his questions.

"Generally speaking," resumed Judge Landis after a moment's hesitation, "what is the business of the Standard Oil company of New Jersey?"

"The production of oil," succinctly replied Mr. Rockefeller and the crowd smiled.

Then Mr. Miller again objected to this line of questioning. Judge Landis listened to him, overruled the objection and Mr. Rockefeller resumed his answer.

"Your honor," said he, "leaning toward Judge Landis, "I have been so long out of business, so long out of this business that I could not well answer that question. It is a dozen years since I have been actively related with its affairs. It is eight or ten years, your honor, since I have even been in the office at all."

"Well, what is your general impression of what the business of the Standard Oil is?"

"They have refineries to refine oil. This is as near as I can say without a study of the charter."

Again came the objections from Mr. Miller, Mr. Rosenthal joining. Again Judge Landis overruled the objections and proceeded with his questioning.

Lengthy Objections.

"Does the Standard Oil company of New Jersey own stock in the Standard Oil——?"

"Object," came instantly from Mr. Miller. He offered lengthy objections to the questions of indirect ownership in the course of which he said the government "has a purpose in this investigation."

"What do you mean by 'a purpose?'" asked Judge Landis.

"I have seen such statements in the papers."

"I will say, for the information of counsel," replied the judge, "that the government has no part in this particular inquiry. It is pertinent for the court to prosecute this investigation to obtain knowledge of the wealth of this corporation."

"Have you any impression, Mr. Rockefeller, that the Standard Oil company of New Jersey is interested in other refineries than the one you have mentioned?"

"I only know of the operation of refineries in New Jersey, owned by the Standard Oil company of New Jersey."

"Do you know of its control of other companies?" "I do not know. It may be so."

In reply to further questioning the witness said he could not say that the company had any other business than the refining of oil. "You are rather technical," he concluded.

"What were the dividends of the Standard Oil company of New Jersey in 1905?"

"I cannot say exactly, but approximately 40 per cent."

This concluded the questions of Judge Landis and District Attorney Sims asked if the witness was familiar with the circumstances surrounding the formation of the Standard Oil company of Indiana?"

Rockefeller Excused.

"I don't think I care for that," said Judge Landis.

"What officers of the Standard Oil company will be able to give me the earnings of the Standard Oil company during 1904 and 1905?"

"I think possibly Mr. Archbold or Mr. Pratt."

"That is all for the present," said the court.

Mr. Rockefeller gazed around in an absent-minded way and was then told by a bailiff that he was through for the present.

C. M. Pratt, secretary of the Standard Oil company of New Jersey, was then called. He was questioned regarding the amount of dividends paid by the company and was then asked if the Standard Oil company of New Jersey owned the stock of the Standard Oil company of Indiana. He said it did.

"How much of it?"

"A large proportion of it."

"Is the stock of the Union Tank Line company owned by the Standard Oil company of New Jersey?"

"In large measure, yes, sir."

"Do you recall how large an amount?"

"I cannot say exactly."

This concluded the testimony of Mr. Pratt.

The next witness was E. M. Stanton, of the car department of the Chicago & Alton.

"Can you tell me what moneys were paid by the Standard Oil company, the Union Tank Line company to the Chicago & Alton.

Couldn't Leave Room.

Before the witness could reply Mr. Rockefeller rose from his seat and walked toward the gate leading from the court room to the chambers of Judge Landis, it being his evident intention to leave the room. He had partly opened the gate, when it was pushed back against him by the bailiff. Mr. Rockefeller took his repulse meekly, and returned without protest to his seat.

Mr. Stanton replying to the question of Judge Landis said he could not give the information.

Following the testimony of Mr. Stanton, the attorneys on both sides entered into a long discussion regarding rates and tariffs. When it was concluded Judge Landis asked of the attorneys for the defense:

"Do you gentlemen desire to introduce any evidence in this case?"

"Absolutely none," replied Mr. Rosenthal of counsel for the company.

"The court would suggest," said Judge Landis, "that the defense take every care to see that such evidence as may seem of importance to the defense should be submitted. I desire to extend every facility to the defendant."

"The defense will take the suggestion under advisement," said Mr. Rosenthal, "and will inform later as to its intentions."

"By Monday morning?" inquired the court.

"Yes, sir."

This ended the investigation and the judge promptly left the bench while the court room was being cleared.

Mr. Rockefeller, attended by his counsel, William Rockefeller, John D. Archbold and the other officers then left the room, going through the chambers of Judge Landis.

No formal announcement was made that the inquiry was ended, but Judge Landis said immediately after the adjournment that the investigation was concluded as far as he personally was concerned, and that the witnesses were discharged.

DENY RIGHT OF LANDIS

Standard Tells Him He Exceeded His Authority.

Defense Contends Court Has No Right to Go Outside the Records.

Chicago, July 8.—The attorneys for the Standard Oil company today declined to submit any further evidence in the investigation held on Saturday by Judge Landis in the United States district court. Judge Landis then announced that sentence will be passed on the Standard Oil company of Indiana, which was convicted of using illegal railroad rates, on August third.

When the attorneys interested appeared before Judge Landis at the opening of court today he said to the attorneys for the company:

"Have you anything to offer in this case prior to the entering of a final order?"

We have a formal statement to make," said Attorney Rosenthal. Mr. Rosenthal read it substantially as follows:

"In answer to the court as to whether the defendant desires to offer any evidence tending to show that the defendant or the Standard Oil company of New Jersey never violated the interstate commerce law before, and appearing now for the purpose of answering this inquiry, and denying the jurisdiction of the court in the premises, and contending that this entire inquiry is beyond the legal power of the court, the defendant still insisting that the record in this case shows that it is innocent of the offenses charged in the indictment, the defendant desires to say: There are in the record no suggestions that this defendant ever before was charged with violation of the interstate commerce law.

"For this defendant now to assert its innocence of matters that it is not charged with, or attempt to show that it has been innocent of wrong doing in connection with matters outside of the record of this case would present a situation unheard of in Anglo-Saxon jurisprudence."

The statement claimed at some length that the court has no right to go outside the record of the case in considering the penalty to be meted out.

The statement then concludes:

"If the occasion shall ever arise in an appropriate proceeding where this defendant can, without any waiver of its legal rights, subject itself to the question of its having heretofore violated the interstate commerce law, it will certainly apear that since the passage of the law there has been no violation of its provisions by either the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey or the Standard Oil Company of Indiana."

Throughout the reading of the statement Judge Landis listened with much interest, and when it was concluded, said abruptly:

"The final order in this case will be entered Saturday, August 3. Call the next case."

J. D. Archbold, vice president of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey; H. E. Felton, president of the Union Tank Line; C. M, Pratt, secretary of the Standard Oil company, and F. Q. Barstow, the assistant treasurer, were in court during the proceedings.

ROCKEFELLER IN RETREAT

Standard Oil Man in Home at Cleveland.

Cleveland, O., July 8.—John D. Rockefeller came straight to Cleveland from his ordeal in Chicago, and is now at Forest Hill, where he will spend the summer. He refused to see any of the newspaper reporters yesterday, declaring that he was tired and would spend the day in resting up. He arrived in the city at 7:15 and was taken in an automobile to Forest Hill. He did not even attend church services.

On the train coming to Cleveland he had a long talk with Wm. R. Franklin, of Chicago, one of the managers of a big circus. He talked freely of affairs, saying, among other things, that if the steel companies of this country didn't turn out better rails, we would soon be buying them abroad.

A brakeman on the train approached the oil king, saying: "Mr. Rockefeller, my name is also Rockefeller, but I am only a brakeman."

John D. laughed, and replied: "Well, my poor young man, you had better change that name. It is a handicap."

John D. Rockefeller quietly celebrated his sixty-eighth birthday at Forest Hill, his suburban home, today. Mr. Rockefeller spent most of the day in looking over his big estate, many improvements having been made on the grounds since he left Cleveland last fall. Subsequently a number of friends of the family called at the residence.

DR. THOMAS IS INJURED

Aeronaut and Companions in Auto Accident.

Thomas Is Internally Injured and May Have to Undergo an Operation.

New York, July 8.—Dr. Julian P. Thomas, the aeronaut, lies in serious condition at Fordham hospital today, suffering from a compound fracture of the leg and internal injuries received in an automobile accident last night, when the machine, carrying the aeronaut and two women companions, crashed into a trolley pole in the Bronx.

Physicians said today that Dr. Thomas might have to suffer amputation of his leg. Miss Florence Haas, an actress, who, with Miss Grace Rogers, was with Dr. Thomas when the accident occurred, was so seriously injured that physicians amputated her left leg today at Fordham hospital. Miss Rogers was injured internally, but probably will recover.

Dr. Thomas and his friends were traveling at a high rate of speed down Jerome avenue last night. Near the entrance to Woodlawn cemetery the road makes a sharp turn, which the aeronaut evidently did not see in the darkness. The machine crashed into a heavy trolley pole, and Dr. Thomas and his two companions were hurled out of the machine as if from a catapault. The automobile was reduced to scrap iron by the impact. The report of the crash was heard for some distance, and mounted policemen and autoists hurried to the aid of the injured, who were taken to the hospital.

Dr. Thomas was found to have sustained a fracture of the right leg and to have suffered internal injuries. His body was covered with bruises. Miss Haas and Miss Rogers were both unconscious when found lying in the roadway. The physicians found that Miss Haas would have to undergo the amputation of her left leg to save her life.

The curve where the accident occurred is extremely dangerous, and there have been many accidents at that point. Two women were killed at the point last year in an accident similar to the one last night.

HOW MISS PHILLIPS MET JACOB RIIS

Her Study of Sociology Led to Meeting Man She Is to Wed.

Boston, July 4.—In an unpainted, old-fashioned farmhouse upon the brow of Heartbreak Hill, in Ipwitch, Jacob I. Riis, author and philanthropist, and his prospective bride, Miss Mary Phillips, of St. Louis, are spending the last days of their courtship under the chaperonage of Miss Phillips' mother.

"I've known him for about five years," said Miss Phillips. "It was in the west, when Mr. Riis was lecturing, that I first met him. My life had been quite ordinary, just the commonplace life of a young girl with governesses until I was old enough to go to private schools, and after that a governess in England, where I had relatives, and then a school in France. After that I came back to St. Louis and 'came out,' as the girls have to do at certain ages. For some years after that I just did the usual things, society affairs.

"Then I decided I wanted to do something else. Society events are not very satisfying, somehow.

"I studied sociology and psychology and became very much interested in social conditions. Then, after meeting Mr. Riis, I became interested in him because of his work, and more interested in the things he worked for because of him.

"Two years ago I went to him to help him in his work. I took care of his letters and many of his interests. We grew more and more interested in the work and incidentally I came to know thoroughly the great worth of the man and the power of his thought. And so—why it just came about.

"The wedding is to be in August, you know, and after that we are to go to the woods for some weeks, just Mr. Riis and the boy and I. We love the outdoors and we're going to live like savages. It would be just glorious."

"Oh," said Mr. Riis, and then he smiled more blandly. "You wouldn't call it a romance when a man gets to my age, would you? Of course she is young, but I—why, you know, I am quite an old fellow to be having a romance.

"We are to have a home—that is it. I have been most lonely for several years. For 20 years I had an ideal home with an ideal woman, and I was very, very happy. Now there is no home. My daughters are married. A while ago my son said: 'I have no home now but my school, papa.' It was the most pathetic thing I ever heard. I need a home. It is my background. I am not myself without one.

"We are going to be very happy together; we are going to accomplish a great deal. And my boy," he added; "the boy is glad. He adores Miss Phillips. And he and I and she are to have a home—my old home—and we are to be happy."

"SMILING JOE" TO WALK

Famous Little Cripple Is Now Fully Cured.

Was Known to Smile When Pain Was the Greatest—Runs and Romps.

New York, July 4.—Almost everybody has heard of "Smiling Joe," the plucky little patient at the Sea Breeze Home, at Coney Island. A year ago he was taken there and strapped to a bamboo frame, so that his little spine might have rest, while nourishing food and the salt air fought away the tuberculosis germs that had made him a cripple since his birth.

Today "Smiling Joe" is well. He has been released from the bamboo frame. He runs and romps and plays in the sand. His old pathetic smile now is a happy grin. He laughs all lay with the joy of a boy set free. His brown eyes are alight with happiness and his little feet scamper over the sandy beach. The dream of his young life has come true.

President Roosevelt visited Sea Breeze last year and lingered long beside the cot of "Smiling Joe." The little fellow could hardly flutter his thin hand, but his brave smile was there as he looked up at the man with big teeth and glasses that suddenly grew foggy. The President had to turn away and wipe his eyes when he looked down on that smile.

Made Place Famous.

"Smiling Joe" made Sea Breeze famous. Jacob Riis wrote a magazine story about him, and his picture, as he lay strapped to his bamboo frame, was printed in all the newspapers. Thousands read about him and became interested in the little colony of tubercular cripples down on the Coney Island shore. Everyone who went there wanted to see the little man who smiled when his pain was greatest. Joe had more visitors than any patient in the hospital.

His real name is Joseph Barron. He is six years old. When he was born, afflicted with "bone consumption," there didn't seem to be much hope for him. He was two years old before he was able to walk, and there was never a moment of his waking life when he was free from pain. Suffering was his heritage. How he lived through the early years on the East Side, how he cultivated and kept his cheery smile, are mysteries inscrutable.

A year ago little Joe's parents heard of Sea Breeze. This is a collection of cool, airy buildings, on the sea shore at Coney Island. The buildings are full of children, all suffering with bone tuberculosis. They sleep in the salt air, get nourishing food, and nature, thus aided, banishes their ailments. One sunny June day last year little Joe's mother carried him up Surf avenue to the Sea Breeze home and placed him in the arms of Miss Thompson, who has charge of the home.

The little fellow smiled up into her face and told her where his pain lay. The wise doctors looked over his shrunken little body and decided on heroic treatment. It was necessary that every ounce of weight and strain be taken off his spine, and to do this they had to strap him to a frame of bamboo poles. This frame fitted tightly against his back, and his little body was almost at an angle. His head was free, but from his shoulders to his feet he was a tightly bound prisoner.

The hours, the days, the weeks, the months, pass slowly when one is strapped tightly in one position. They took Joe out on the broad piazza of the hospital, overlooking the ocean, and there he could watch the stronger children romp in the sand. When the weather was cool he was wrapped in blankets. But he was never taken indoors except on very disagreeable nights. He lay there, in the open air, and every time they spoke to him his gentle smile spread over his wan face.

Wanted to Play in Sand.

He wanted terribly to be out on the sand with the other children. Sometimes he would ask the doctor if he could not go.

"I just want to play in the sand a little while," he pleaded, with a smile. "I'll come right back."

It was hard to refuse him, but the doctors said the only way to cure him was to keep him tightly strapped to his frame. They took him out on the sand as often as they could, and the other children played around him and brought him bright shells and sparkling pebbles. He could dig his own little fingers in the sand until they became grimy, and this was a joy to him.

During the winter Joe was lonely. There were only a few children in the hospital, and there was no playing on the beach. He talked to Miss Thompson and the doctors, though, and every day made them promise him over and over again that he could walk about as other children when the warm weather came.

"Will I get out of my frame this summer?" he would ask.

"Yes, Joe."

"And will I walk and run like the other kids?"

"We hope so, my brave little boy."

And then that beautiful smile would come and little Joe would be happy. When spring came he was taken out on the big porch again, and as he lay there he counted the moments almost until he could be on his feet. He had a pail and a shovel, but these furnished tame sport, when he contemplated the revel that was coming to him.

Then the great day came when the doctors said they would take "Smiling Joe" from his frame. The little chap's heart was fluttering and his eyes danced when they began to unstrap him. He wanted to leap to his feet instantly, but he had first to learn to use them. A year strapped to a bamboo frame makes one forget to walk, and little Joe had to learn again, just like a year-old baby.

But he was not slow to learn. Tightly clutching Miss Thompson's hand, he took little, wavering, uncertain steps along the piazza. Then as he grew stronger he could walk alone. He was impatient to be out romping, but they made him wait before he tested to the full his new found strength.

"I want to play in the sand," he begged.

After a few days he was able to toddle about the porch alone. Then they allowed him to go on the beach, but he was cautioned against getting near the surf. He behaved perfectly and the vigilance of the nurses relaxed.

Last evening when supper time was coming, Joe was missed. Miss Thompson could not find him. They searched the buildings and grounds, and while they were at it Joe walked into the office.

His face bore a broad grin. There was sand in his tousled hair. His hands were grimy and his little jumper was smeared with mud.

"Why, Joe, where have you been?" demanded Miss Thompson.

"I went down to the water and made a fort in the sand," said Joe, beaming with delight.

Sea Breeze will miss "Smiling Joe." His radiant smile made nurses and doctors happy. But it is the crowning glory of the wonderful institution that he is cured. They have given him life and health, and his smile may live in the world.

WORK IS O'BRIEN'S HOBBY

New Ambassador to Japan Full of Energy.

New York, July 4.—One of the most important diplomatic posts at the present time is that of American ambassador to Japan. Just now we are represented in that country by Ambassador Wright, but he is to give up the work September 1 of this year and Thomas J. O'Brien, a Grand Rapids lawyer, will go to the Flowery Kingdom as the United States representative.

Mr. O'Brien has just arrived in this country after an absence of a little more than two years in Denmark, where he was our minister. He is a pleasant-spoken, good-natured man, whose hair has turned almost snow white. He is tall and wears a beard and reminds one of Ambassador Reid. He seemed to be of a retiring nature, yet a man who is easily approached and whose face brightens perceptibly when he begins to talk of matters that interest him. He was asked if he had any hobbies. The question seemed strange to him, for he thought a while, and then answered slowly:

"No; I don't believe I have, unless you would call work a hobby."

His conversation seemed to bear out his assertion that work was what he liked best, because his thoughts seemed to run to serious ideas and his manner was quietly earnest.

Mr. O'Brien was born in Jackson, Miss., and went to Grand Rapids in 1871, where he was graduated from the law department of the University of Michigan, and, after being admitted to the bar, began the practice of law—a practice that was to grow and continue until his appointment by President Roosevelt to be minister to Denmark in 1905. For thirty years Mr. O'Brien was counsel for the Grand Rapids & Indiana railroad. He has two children—a son, Howard, who is an assistant engineer on the Pennsylvania railroad at Pittsburg, and a daughter, who is now Mrs. H. S. Chilton, wife of the secretary of the British legation in Brussels.

Mrs. O'Brien has been with her husband at Copenhagen, and intends going to Japan with him. She and her husband were not overjoyed when they received word that President Roosevelt had selected Mr. O'Brien for the Japanese post, but they have come to look at the appointment with enthusiasm now. It is obvious from this that "pull" did not determine Mr. O'Brien's appointment. The change is of Mr. Roosevelt's own making.

The new ambassador is going to visit his old home in Grand Rapids after he spends a few days in this city. He did not say whether or not he would see the President at Sagamore Hill before going west.

Maurice F. Egan, of Washington, D. C., has been appointed to take up the ministerial duties at Copenhagen.

ARRAIGNED FOR ROBBERY

Wall Street Responsible for His Trouble.

New York, July 6.—Chester B. Runyan, the paying teller of the Windsor Trust company, who is alleged to have stolen $96,317 from that company, and who was arrested last night, and Mrs. Laura Carter, the woman who betrayed his hiding place to the police, after he had given her a part of the stolen funds, were arraigned in police court today. Runyan's spirit appeared to be broken by the disastrous outcome of his venture into the realms of ultra-frenzied finance, and he maintained the demeanor of a man who knew that he had little to hope for.

He had passed a sleepless night in the police station and showed the effects of his worry when he was subjected to the gaze of a curious crowd on his way to police headquarters.

Runyan was found in the apartment of Mrs. Laura M. Carter of 619 West 144th street where he had been since he walked out of the bank on Saturday with all the money in the teller's vault packed in his suit case.

Mrs. Carter reported at the 125th street police station this afternoon that Runyan was in her flat.

Asked about the motive for the robbery, Runyan said:

"I needed the money. It was there, and I took it. Some of it I lost in Wall street, and some of it I gave to this woman. The funny part of it has been to sit there in that flat and read the papers and think of what you fellows were doing and what you would do had you known that I was there. You've done it, haven't you?"

Runyan intimated that at one time he was prompted to return the money and give himself up.

What has become of $42,000 of the trust company's funds is still a mystery. Runyan had in his possession when arrested $54,410. Of the balance he said he lost about $16,000 in speculation in stocks before he disappeared from the office of the Windsor Trust company last Monday, that he had given $15,000 to Mrs. Carter, and that he believed she had taken $10,000 more without his knowledge.

Mrs. Carter at first stoutly denied that she had any of the trust company's funds, admitting that Runyan gave her $5,000, but asserting that she promptly returned it to him at his request.

Runyan was arraigned on a charge of grand larceny in having stolen $5,000. Mrs. Carter was charged with receiving stolen property. Both waived examination and were held for the grand jury, Runyan in $15,000 bail, and Mrs. Carter in $10,000 bail.

Neither Runyan nor Mrs. Carter were able to give bail, and they were taken to prison.

CLARK MUST "SHOW UP"

Court Holds Treadwell Is Entitled to Accounting.

New York, July 3.—Justice Amend, in special term of the supreme court, has decided that William A. Treadwell is entitled to an accounting in the sale of the United Verde Copper company, which is controlled by former Senator W. A. Clark, of Montana. The sale of the United Verde Copper company, a New York organization, for the purpose of reorganization under the laws of West Virginia, has been declared illegal by the appelate division of the supreme court and Mr. Treadwell asked for the appointment of a receiver, the granting of an injunction and an accounting.

Justice Amend decided that the appointment of a receiver and the granting of an injunction would needlessly tie up the defendant's operations with no corresponding advantage to Mr. Treadwell, who, the court holds, would be compensated in money damages.

Justice Amend in his decision states that the evidence shows that Mr. Treadwell owned 73 shares of the capital stock of the United Verde Copper company, which owned a very valuable mine in Jerome, Arizona, and was practically controlled by the defendant, W. A. Clark, who, with his relatives and friends, held 99 per cent of the capital stock.

Senator Clark determined to organize the company by dissolving the New York corporation and incorporating under the laws of West Virginia. The reorganization was opposed by Mr. Treadwell, but the property was sold in 1899 to James A. McDonald, the vice president of the company, for $500,000. Mr. McDonald, acting on behalf of the corporation, organized a new company under the laws of West Virginia and transferred the property to it. Justice Amend states that it is conceded that the property is worth many times the amount bid, $500,000, and that the appellate division held that the sale was illegal.

Justice Amend says that the charges of mismanagement of the corporation have not been substantiated.

PHONOGRAPH WAR ENDS

Estimated $32,000,000 Involved in New York Case.

New York, July 6.—Supreme Court Justice Martin J. Keogh, of West Chester county, has rendered a decision barring all dealers in this state from selling or handling the Thomas A. Edison records or supplies without permission of the New York Phonograph company.

The dealers throughout the state, of which there are some 940, are ordered to give an accounting of all records sold for the last ten years. It is estimated that about $32,000,000 is involved in the suit.

The phonograph war has been waged through the courts for many years. It is alleged that although the National Phonograph company, one of the Edison concerns, was ordered by the court not to sell the phonographs or supplies in this state the dealers were encouraged to do so. The New York Phonograph company maintains it purchased the sole right to sell Edison machines and records in this state.

Justice Keogh granted an injunction on June 25 restraining the Edison concerns from selling in the state. The Edison interests appealed, and the case was argued last Wednesday before Justice Keogh.

MRS. CHADWICK SEES SON

Had to Appear in Public in Order to Meet Emil.

Columbus, O., July 6.—Cassie Chadwick, against her will and for the first time since she has been in the Ohio penitentiary, appeared in public on the Fourth, but it was only because her son, Emil Hoover, of Cleveland, had come to see her.

Cassie desired to remain in the female apartment and talk with her son. However, the rules of the institution provide that relatives of women prisoners shall meet them on the outside on the Fourth of July, and Cassie, being treated no better than any other prisoner, was compelled to come out in the front yard, where she was clasped in the warm embrace of Emil. She turned her back to the crowd, however.

ASK ALL WOMEN TO RESIGN

Confederate Veterans to Abolish Honorary Titles.

Nashville, Tenn., July 6.—The Frank Cheatham Bivouac, United Confederate Veterans, last night adopted a resolution to the effect that the sense of the bivouac is that there be no ladies appointed to represent Confederate Veterans; that a woman at present on the staff of one of the high officers be requested to resign, and no more be appointed to such places of honor, or any other places within the organization. The resolution was adopted unanimously.

There is a woman at present on the staff of one of the generals, who bears the title of assistant surgeon general.

CAN'T REMOVE MEMORIALS

Minister Enjoined From Taking Church Windows.

Paterson, N. J., July 4.—Lawyer Young, acting for the Union Mutual Building and Loan association, has served on the Rev. G. M. Dorwort a writ restraining him from removing any more of the stained glass windows from the Church of the Holy Communion.

The church property is owned by the Building and Loan association, which two months ago contracted to sell the property of the First English Lutheran congregation, which will take possession on September 1. The Holy Communion congregation is preparing

PLAN CAUSES A SPLIT

In Peace Conference Geneva Convention Committee.

U. S. Delegation Granted Additional Time to Submit More Matters to Delegates.

The Hague, July 6.—The entire Friday afternoon sitting of the committee on the Geneva convention was given over to a discussion of the American proposition, presented by Joseph H. Choate, on June 24, regarding the inviolability of private property on the high seas. The committee sat under the presidency of Prof. De Martens. M. Nelidoff (Russian), president of the conference, was present. Joseph H. Choate, General Horace Porter, U. M. Rose and William L. Buchanan, of the American delegation, and David J. Hill, American minister to the Netherlands, were in attendance.

Many delegates surrounded the place reserved for the American representatives, who were busy in answering confidential inquiries regarding the scope and extent of the American doctrine.

Immediately after the opening of the sitting Mr. Choate said the American delegation regretted it was unable to conform to the decision reached by the president that all propositions be submitted by the end of this week, for the reason that some proposals were not yet quite ready. These he asked to be allowed to submit later. Prof. De Martens consulted with the committee, which gave its assent.

The discussion of the American proposition was then begun. This proposal is as follows:

"The private property of all citizens of signatory powers, with the exception of contraband of war, shall be exempt on the high seas, or elsewhere, from cauture or seizure by the armed vessels or military forces of said powers. Nothing in this rule implies in any way the inviolability of vessels which will attempt to enter a port blockaded by the naval forces of said powers, nor of the cargo of said vessels."

The debate showed that Austria, the Netherlands, Norway and Greece favored it and that Brazil, Portugal, Italy, France, Germany and Russia were conditionally favorable.

OPPOSE AMERICAN PLAN

Private Property Proposition Not Much Favored.

The Hague, July 3.—The opposition to the American proposition before the peace conference on the inviolability of private property at sea is increasing. It now seems that Russia and France are not even in favor of the Italian amendment suggesting that belligerents be allowed to capture private property at sea, but that such property be returned after the war, and that the owners be paid an indemnity for the damage sustained.

Japan is preparing a proposition regarding the use of wireless telegraphy, based on her experience during the Russo-Japanese war, while other powers are desirous of proposing that submarine cables be classed as neutral property.

The Japanese have not presented any proposition regarding the bombardment of towns, but have asked the Americans, who in their proposition desire to prohibit the bombardment of towns for not paying ransom, to propose the abolition of the payment of ransoms in order to escape bombardment.

Miss Amaa Eckstein has requested an audience of President Nelidoff in order to present a petition, signed by over two million Americans, in favor of a general arbitration treaty. M. Nelidoff will receive Miss Eckstein tomorrow morning.

JAPANESE DISGUSTED.

As Result of the Actions of Korea.

Seoul, July 5.—Inquiry shows that general disgust is the main effect among the Japanese here as a result of the conspiracy in sending a Korean deputation to The Hague, the telegraphic disclosure of which interrupted the Korean emperor's profuse assurances to Marquis Ito of his confidence in him and his plans, and especially his supposed ardent desire for a sincere organization of the cabinet, Marquis Ito is much disappointed and must now proceed in the face of the emperor's intrigues, which have falsely elated a large section of the upper classes, who are now anticipating a miracle in Korea.

Measures intended to rid the palace of foreign and native mischief-makers and adventurers were introduced by the Japanese in the cabinet last Monday, but Marquis Ito despairs of saving the emperor himself, and the administration is disposed to confine its appeals to the people.

Marquis Ito declared that it would require ten years to produce a modern government in Korea, while local governors say it will take three years to dispose of the abuses and outrages resulting from the contact of the Koreans with the Japanese.

OPPOSE STRAWBERRIES.

Have Bad Effect Upon Temper, Say Hygienists.

London July 6.—Hygienists who delight in raising alarms against popular foods, are now tilting against strawberries. These are accused of having a bad effect upon the tempers of their eaters, who, it is alleged, become sulky and irritable after eating them.

A hygienist is quoted as saying that ladies are particularly susceptible in this respect. Some of them will eat a pound or more of strawberries at a time and then become so morose that people are glad to avoid them.

The fact is they are physically ill without knowing it. They are suffering from the strawberry disease, the symptoms of which are slight dizziness, a desire to be alone and intolerance of being questioned.

The strawberries which have the worst effect are the large, mashy ones. The small kinds, with seeds on the surface, are usually harmless. The trouble is ascribed to the strawberry acids, which cream does not mollify. Indeed, the fruit is much more wholesome without cream or sugar, and nobody should eat more than a dozen at a time.

Eunice Miles, the tennis player, as a vegetarian dietist confirms the danger to some persons from strawberries. He says they contain three acids, phosphoric, sulphuric and silicic. He believes that the last named causes the trouble. In addition to irritability sufferers have strawberry rash and strawberry headache.

SPENCERS MAKE APPEAL

Two Million Dollar Case in French Court.

Paris, July 3.—The appeal court today heard the appeal of William Augustus Spencer and Lorillard Spencer against the decision of the court which gave their sister, the Princess de Vicovaro, possession of the estate of the late Charles Griswold Spencer, a brother of the two appellants and of the princess, who died here November 19 last.

The late Mr. Spencer appears to have left two wills, one dividing his estate, amounting to about $2,000,000, equally between his brothers and his sister, and the other leaving all to his sister. The brothers claim that the French courts have no jurisdiction in the matter and that therefore they have no right to declare valid the will bequeathing the estate to the Princess Vicovaro, as the maintenance of the decision would adversely affect the steps to probate the first mentioned will which are now pending in the surrogate's court of New York county, all the parties to the litigation being New Yorkers or former citizens of New York city.

M'LEAN IS MISTREATED

Fears Entertained for Health of Raisuli's Captive.

British Government Is Doing Everything Possible to Effect His Release.

Tangier, July 5.—The capture of Caid General Sir Harry MacLean, commander of the sultan's bodyguard, by Raisuli, for whose release the British government has demanded of Morocco that prompt steps be taken, is explained here by the fact that Raisuli grew suspicious in the midst of the negotiations with the general, who was acting for the sultan of Morocco in an effort to persuade Raisuli to resume a peaceful mode of life, that the general's promises were insincere and that he and the governing board were plotting to catch him and turn him over to the authorities.

Coates?" asked Girard, in his usual

Consequently Raisuli decided to play a master stroke, which is generally considered to show that he has a secure retreat impregnable to the forces of the sultan.

The British legation is doing everything possible to effect the release of the caid.

It is reported here that the caid is being badly treated. He is 72 years of age, and grave fears for his health are entertained. His three daughters, who live in this city, are a prey to the gravest anxiety.

RAISULI AGAIN ACTIVE

Noted Bandit Captures General Harry MacLean.

Tangier, July 3.—Kaid General Sir Harry MacLean, commander of the sultan's bodyguard, has been made a prisoner by Raisuli, the bandit chief, and will be held as a hostage by the latter until the sultan agrees to pardon Raisuli on his own terms. General MacLean was negotiating with Raisuli regarding the latter's pardon when he was made prisoner.

General MacLean is a former officer of the British army, and is descended from an old Scottish family. All his influence with the sultan has been exerted in the interests of civilization and humanity, and he is universally respected even among the most fanatical of the foreign-hating Moors.

The latest exploit of Raisuli in capturing Kaid General Sir Harry MacLean brings the noted bandit to public attention after a period of comparative retirement. MacLean is probably the most influential man in Morocco, being the English adviser who organized the sultan's army and civil administration and who stands next to the sultan himself in the practical conduct of Moroccan affairs. His capture, therefore, is even more of an achievement for Raisula than his former captures of Perdicaris and Harris, the latter the London Times correspondent.

Morocco advices are often misleading, owing to the inaccessibility of the mountain marauders and the magnified reports of their operations, but if Raisuli's capture of MacLean proves correct the bandit has an unusually rich prize with which to negotiate with the sultan, and possibly with England, to whom MacLean still holds allegiance, and with France and Spain, who are jointly charged with the international policing of Morocco.

TO TRY DISARMAMENT.

Vatican May Be First to Carry Out Idea.

Rome, July 3.—It seems probable that the first of the European powers to put into practical effect the idea of disarmament will be the vatican. This is because of recent discontent among the Palatine guards, many of the members of which have for several months manifested their dislike for their superiors.

The commander-in-chief of the guard is Count Pecci, a nephew of the late pope, who as soon as he assumed command of the corps introduced some wise reforms with the inteneion of bettering the condition of the men and the discipline of the corps. In enforcing such reform he failed conspicuously, as he met with much opposition not only from some of the men but also from several of his subordinate officers, especially in the matter of uniforms and promotion.

The pope has been informed of the trouble by his cardinal secretary of state, who was told to order greater obedience by members of the guard under pain of expulsion. This threat did not meet with success and now a dissolution of the whole regiment is likely.

The Palatine guard, which numbers about one hundred men, is composed ot volunteers selected from the middle classes of Rome. They receive no regular pay, but are allowed certain fees. These fees are generous, so that the dissolution of the guard would prove to the vatican administration a measure of economy.

Besides the Palatine soldiers there are three other bodies of military at the vatican. The Swiss guard, which is now reduced to a small number of men; the Gendarmes, which do the police duties in the vatican grounds, and the Noble guards, the number of which the present pope has already greatly reduced for reasons of economy, and most of whose emoluments he has suppressed for the same purpose.

Rumors are rife of a general reorganization of all the military bodies of the vatican, which if carried out will leave at the disposal of the several commands only a number of men sufficient to do the ordinary sentry and police duty and the attendance on the person and apartments of the pope. If such happen the pope will have given to the nations of the world their first lesson in disarmament.

KUROKI HONORS WRIGHT

Cordial Feelings Prevail at Jap-American Dinner.

Tokio, July 5.—General Kuroki, the Japanese imperial envoy to the Jamestown exposition, gave a luncheon today in honor of Luke E. Wright, the American ambassador. Field Marshal Oyama, representing the army, expressed himself in the most appreciative terms of the magnificent and enthusiastic reception accorded Gen. Kuroki and his party everywhere in the United States.

His phraseology was one long chain of superlatives of gratifying appreciation, in which the Japanese language is particularly rich. Ambassador Wright made an appropriate reply and the most cordial feelings prevailed. The anti-Japanese, or what is here known as the American question, was completely ignored.

COLOR LINE IN ENGLAND

Young Man Can't Enlist in Army or Navy.

London, July 4.—The British admiralty and war office have both drawn the color line against a youth born in London of a negro father and English mother. On the death of his parents the Strand board of guardians took charge of the boy, who has now grown up and desires to serve his country, but the authorities refuse to permit him to enlist in either the navy or the army. This banning of a British subject because of his color promises to lead to a lively discussion in parliament, where the matter shortly will be brought up.

TYPHOID AT PITTSBURG

Epidemic Now Assumes Alarming Proportions.

Pittsburg, Pa., July 3.—The epidemic of typhoid fever in this city, which was not expected to increase to any alarming extent until late this month, is gradually assuming serious proportions and the health authorities are puzzled at the many cases recorded during June. In that period there were 498 new cases.

Dr. James F. Edwards, superintendent of the bureau of health, said that on account of the cases being scattered throughout the city he believed the increase to be due to the poor water supply. Superintendent Edwards says that many of the foreigners who have contracted the disease here within the last few weeks were due to recent arrivals and were ready victims to the germ.

Dr. Edwards declared that the presence of so many foreigners in this city is one cause for so many cases developing as there are now families arriving every day who are ignorant of the danger that lies in drinking raw river water.

MADE TO SPEAK BY AUTO

Man Found Tongue After 7 Years When Bowled Over.

Battle Creek, Mich., July 3.—After having been deprived of speech and hearing for seven years as the result of an accident, Harry Haack, a former freight conductor, was miraculously restored to the faculties yesterday by being knocked down and run over by an automobile driven at high speed.

Seven years ago, while running his train on the Grank Trunk, Haack was struck on the head by a waterspout and lost both hearing and speech. For that reason when the autoist on Coldwater street shouted a warning and blew his horn Haack stolidly pursued his way. He was thrown violently and says something snapped in his head and he became nauseated. He went home to bed and in a few hours was amazed to find he could both hear and talk. His talk is natural, but sounds must be loud or he does not hear them. His hearing is improving steadily, however.

DETECTIVE TURNS MONK

His Decision Due to His Worrying Mother.

Rome, July 4.—Cappezzuto, a well known officer of the carabineers, who is considered to be the Italian Sherlock Holmes, and who was mainly responsible for the numerous arrests recently of members of the Camorra after the failure of the police to suppress that society, has decided to join the Benedictines at Monte Cassino and become a monk.

The formalities of his entry into the order have been completed, including a donation of $2,000. His decision was due to his aged and ailing mother, who has been worried to the point of death by her son's risk, his murder having been decreed by the Camorra tribunal.

Capezzuto will retire from the world lest his mother's death be hastened.

USED J. P. MORGAN'S NAME

To Defraud Wealthy, Is Charge Against Woman.

London, July 6.—A strang story of alleged fraud, involving large sums, was related in the West London police court yesterday afternoon.

Mrs. Josephine Leslie, whose friends were said to be worth millions, was arrested at Newmarket, where she had been staying at the best hotel.

Mrs. Leslie was taken into custody while out driving in a motor car, charged with defrauding members of well known families by false pretenses.

Miss Annie Blount, the plaintiff in the case against Mrs. Leslie, is a member of an influential Dublin family. Mrs. Leslie, Miss Blount said, represented that she was a friend of J. Pierpont Morgan and produced a letter purporting to have been written by Mr. Morgan, advising her to invest in one of his syndicates and promising fabulous profits. Miss Blount entrusted Mrs. Leslie with $42,500 to invest in the alleged Morgan syndicate. Mrs. Leslie, in return, gave Miss Blount postdated checks for $125,000 and $100,000, which were supposed to represent the profits which would accrue to Miss Blount. When the first check was presented it was returned marked, "Account closed."

CHINESE GOVERNOR KILLED

By a Student Who Is Immediately Executed.

Hankow, China, July 8.—The governor of the province of Nganhwei was murdered yesterday by a student. Accompanied by the director of police, the governor was about to enter a school at Ngangkin, capital of the province of Nganhwei, when several shots were fired at the governor, three bullets inflicting mortal injuries. The director of police seized the assassin and decapitated him on the spot. No further disturbances have occurred.

MICHIGAN GETS GUNBOAT

Admiral Dewey's Trophy for Naval Militia.

Washington, July 4.—The gunboat Don Juan de Austria, one of Admiral Dewey's trophies of the Spanish war, has been assigned to the use of the Michigan naval militia and will be located on Lake Superior. The vessel is now at Portsmouth, N. H., and will be prepared to make the trip, by way of the St. Lawrence river, July 17.

Before her assignment to the station on the Great Lakes, permission to do so had to be obtained from the British government because of the treaty between Great Britain and the United States limiting the number of war vessels to be located in those waters.

MOTHER QUEEN OF OREGON

Name Bestowed Upon 120-Year-Old Woman.

Portland, Ore., July 4.—One of the most interesting features of the Fourth of July celebration in this city was the naming of Mrs. Mary Ramsey Lemox Wood "Mother Queen of Oregon." Mrs. Wood, who is 120 years of age and well in possession of her faculties, did not participate actively in the exercises, it being deemed an unnecessary beardship to bring the old lady from her home at Hillsboro into this city, but following appropriate exercises General George H. Williams, attorney general under President Grant, named her publicly as queen, applauded by hundreds of people who had gathered to witness the exercises. General Williams is himself 84 years of age, and a man of remarkable preservation.

Mrs. Wood was born in Knoxville, Tenn., May 20, 1787.

CUPID CAUSES A "FAMINE"

One Thousand Kansas Teachers Lately Married.

Topeka, July 8.—The sly wiles of Cupid threaten to disrupt the public schools of Kansas, according to State Superintendent Fairchild, who says Kansas is threatened with a shortage of school teachers which will be as disastrous as the shortage of men to save the wheat crop. He has heard from 38 of the 105 counties and, basing future returns on these, there will be a shortage of more than a thousand teachers. Mr. Fairchild says more women teachers have married this year than ever before. Twelve thousand teachers are required to conduct the Kansas schools.

ENCIRCLES GLOBE WITHOUT A CENT

Nineteen-Year-Old Boy Is Making a Wonderful Globe-Trotting Record.

New York, July 9.—Around the world without paying a cent for transportation and without friends or influence, is the remarkable record made by Edison Erskine, an orphan, nineteen years old, who has just reached New York and who is making a wonderful reputation as a globe trotter.

Before he began his more ambitious project he had made several trips from San Francisco to New York and return, and a dash to Manila and Yokohama, all at the expense of popular and well known railway and steamship lines.

"I got out of San Francisco in August, 1906, aboard the Corea," said Erskine. "I lived very comfortably for two days in one of the lifeboats before any of the crew discovered me. The mate came around at last and found my hiding place. He couldn't throw me overboard, so he put me to washing dishes.

"While doing this work I met Professor Lawrence, who collected bugs, and we became friends. When we reached Guam and found the boat was to stop for a while he proposed that I go over the island with him collecting things. We stayed too long, and when we reached port again saw the steamer leaving.

"I managed to slip aboard of a Pacific liner and reach Manila, being discovered and put to work the third day out. It was easy to conceal myself aboard a packet for Hong Kong, with enough provisions to last me the entire trip. I proceeded directly by rail to Vladivostock.

"I found that all the cars of the Trans-Siberian railroad were of American make and that the train crews were much less watchful than in this country. I had little trouble in beating my way across Siberia.

"I stayed in Moscow a week and then pushed on to St. Petersburg. From there by boat to Stockholm, then to Christiana, on to London and by rail to Liverpool.

"I did not have to board an ocean liner as a stowaway, but simply told the captain the Minnesota story and he gave me work to do and $5 when we landed in New York."

NEW TRUST WAR PLAN

Government to Ask Receiver for Tobacco Combine.

Has View to a Gradual Disintegration of the Big Merger by Receiver.

Washington, July 9.—It is understood that the department of justice has adopted a new and highly important plan in connection with its proceedings against the so-called tobacco trust.

After asking the court to issue subpoenas to defendants, requiring them to appear and answer the allegations contained in the bill, and asking that the monopoly complained of be declared illegal and in violation of the Sherman anti-trust act, the department, in its petition, which will probably be filed within a few days, will ask the court if, in its judgment the facts, as disclosed, demand such action, that receivers be appointed to take charge of the business and administer it in harmony with law.

Such a course, it is said, if adopted, would require the receiver taking charge of a corporation to administer its business with a view to the gradual disintegration of such monopoly; that is to say, such receiver, in administering such business, would from time to time be expected to sell and dispose of the different property units composiug such monopoly in such a way as to preserve all the essential rights of the stockholders and at the same time ultimately give to the general public the benefit of competition between separate or indpendent corporations or businesses.

It is understood that this plan has never before been adopted in the prosecution of trusts, but it is more than likely that the same plan will be followed in dealing with the so-called powder trust and such other trusts if the peculiar facts in connection with each would justify such action.

NURSE WEDS INDIAN HERO

Romance Had Its Inception When He Rescued Her.

New York, July 9.—Hilario Willowbird, a full-blooded Moqui Indian, has won the hand of Miss Marion Lush, a graduate nurse, of No. 249 Emerson street, Brooklyn, as the result of his rescue of that young woman from a band of rejoicing fellow red men intent on torturing her.

The romance that reads like a novel began when the young woman, traveling with a party of friends in Arizona, came across a party of Indians who were holding a snake dance. Before she could call for help, Miss Lush was captured by the Indians and tied to a tree.

Despite her plea for mercy, the members of the band were preparing to hurl their knives at her. Just as the hero does in the novel, Willowbird came upon the scene and, placing himself between the drink-crazed Indians and their intended victim, released Miss Lush and took her to her friends.

Miss Lush returned to her home in Brooklyn, and recently began to receive the attentions of her hero, who had followed her.

The friends of Miss Lush received the news of the wedding from the young woman, who blushingly admitted that she had become Mrs. Willowbird, and that the ceremony had been performed by a Brooklyn minister.

BANKERS ARE SENTENCED

Pittsburg Men Must Go to the Penitentiary.

Pittsburg, Pa., July 5.—After refusing the applications for new trials of the men recently convicted in connection with the failure of the Enterprise National bank, of Allegheny, Pa., Judge Nathaniel Ewing, in the United States district court, today sentenced Edward P. McMillen, the general bookkeeper of the defunct institution, who pleaded guilty to the two indictments charging false entries and misapplication of the funds of the bank, to serve six years in the western penitentiary on the first charge and six months upon the second.

Charles Menzemer, former assistant teller, convicted on nine counts charging misapplication of the funds and aiding and abetting T. Lee Clark, the cashier, who suicided, to do the same, was sentenced to five years and six months' imprisonment.

ANOTHER EDDY CASE BILL

Asks the Court to Take Charge of Trust Fund.

Concord, N. H., July 9.—A bill in equity, seeking to place under the jurisdiction of the court a trust fund of $125,000, created by Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy, head of the Christian Science faith, last February, subsequent to which time a suit for an accounting of her property was brought by certain heir friends of Mrs. Eddy, was filed in the Merrimack county superior court yesterday.

George W. Glover, of Lead, S. D., son of the Christian Science leader, and his wife and four children are the plaintiffs, and the bill is one of many that have been entered in connection with the already complicated litigation involving the property of Mrs. Eddy.

HASTY MARRIAGES BARRED

New Law Soon in Operation in New Jersey.

Trenton, N. J., July 9.—The new divorce law, which has just been signed by Governor Stokes, provides that persons who have been divorced shall not marry again directly after the decree has been granted, but must wait six months. This is to prevent scandalous haste in remarriages.

Another provision allows two additional grounds besides that of cruelty for a limited divorce or simply a separation—adultery and desertion.

The new law provides that either party to a divorce must be a bona fide resident of New Jersey. It is also required that the divorce laws of other states must be recognized in New Jersey when the laws of such states are uniform with that of this state.

The new law goes into effect January 1, 1908.

BATTLESHIP ACCEPTED.

Washington, July 9.—The navy department yesterday finally accepted the battleship Georgia and authorized the payment to the contractors of the reserve fund required by the contract.

METCALF ON WAR TALK

Says Uncle Sam Not Trying to Overawe Japs.

Tokio Paper Says No Significance Need Be Attached to Cruise.

Oakland, Cal., July 9.—Secretary of the Navy Metcalf deprecates the warlike aspect that has been given the order for the cruise of the great battleship squadron from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast. The secretary said last night that the proposed movement was that of a practice cruise, and that the fleet would not be kept in the Pacific permanently. He declared that the length of time that the fleet would remain on the western side of the continent had not yet been decided.

With considerable emphasis the secretary voiced his opinion that the warlike interpretation that had been made in connection with the fleet's movement was not justified by the facts. In fact the widely published reports suggesting hostile preparations seem to be a source of irritation for the head of the navy. He said:

Merely Practice Cruise.

"The fleet which will be moved from the Atlantic to the Pacific this winter is coming to this side merely on a practice cruise. The fleet will consist of 16 or more vessels, not more than 20, and its stay on this side will not be permanent. Of course, the fleet will not come here, turn around and go right back again. How long it will remain in the Pacific will be determined at the proper time.

"There is no sound reason or excuse for all this talk by the public and through the press of an attempt to overawe the Japanese by a warlike naval display. I do not believe that the newspapers are justified or right in so construing and coloring the cruise of the warships to the Pacific.

"Every year the Atlantic fleet has been sent on a cruise. Last year it was sent to Guantanamo. This year it will order the fleet to the Pacific. The long cruise will give the men and the vessels a thorough test and improve the efficincy of both."

One Japanese View.

Tokio, July 9.—Asahi publishes an interview with an influential Japanese naval expert, who says:

"It would be improper to infer a demonstration in the transfer of the American fleet to the Pacific. This movement is part of a pre-arranged plan and is a result of the constant growth of the American navy and the increasing importance of Pacific interests from the strategical point of view. No significance need be attached until at least thirty ships have been transferred to the Pacific."

The Asahi also publishes an editorial article setting forth the same views.

Discredit Report.

Washington, July 9.—Admiral Brownson, chief of the bureau of navigation of the navy department, said he was satisfied that the Japanese admiral, Sakamoto, who is reported in the Hochi, a Japanese anti-governmental paper, to have questioned the patriotism of American naval crews and the ability of the American naval officer has been misquoted.

Said Admiral Brownson: "While spurred on by a spirit of unrest and homesickness, sailors have sometimes left the American navy they have always done so in time of peace. There is no record of a bluejacket deserting in time of war."

At the Japanese embassy the officials discredited the reported utterances of Admiral Sakamoto.

France Is Optimistic.

Paris, July 9.—The French government greatly deprecates the alarmist view of the Japanese-American situation taken by a section of the Paris press and an inspired statement, based presumably on the foreign offices advices, placing the most optimistic construction upon the plans to dispatch the American battleship fleet to the Pacific, was given out this afternoon, as follows:

"Much surprise is manifested in diplomatic circles over the excitement caused by the plan to send the American battleship fleet to Pacific waters.

"The American government beyond doubt would not make this movement if it was likely to embarrass the negotiations which have been going on for some time between the two governments."

INSANITY HIS DEFENSE

Runyan's Attorneys Indicate Their Case in Court.

New York, July 9.—That a plea of insanity may be the defense of Chester B. Runyan, the paying teller of the Windsor Trust company, who is charged with abstracting $96,000 of the trust company's funds, was indicated by his counsel when Runyan was arraigned in court today.

On behalf of Runyan his counsel entered a plea of not guilty of the charge of grand larceny and asked for an adjournment of the case until Monday. He said he had been informed that the prisoner's maternal grandmother had died in an insane asylum and that Mrs. Runyan believed her husband's mind affected. Runyan's attorney said that he entered a plea of not guilty with the privilege of withdrawing it, and demurring to the indictment with the view of asking for the appointment of a commission.

GOSPEL SINGER IS DEAD

Jas. McGranahan, Noted Hymn Writer, Passes Away.

Warren, O., July 9.—James McGranahan, the hymn writer, formerly connected with Moody and Sankey, the evangelists, died last night at his home in Kinsman of diabetes. He was sixty-seven years old. Mr. McGranahan wrote many sacred songs which are included in the gospel hymns. Among the hymns from his pen are There Shall Be Showers of Blessings, My Redeemer and Some Day We Will Understand. The funeral will be held Friday at Kinsman.

GRAIN CROPS ARE POOR

According to Report of Agricultural Board.

Outlook for Oats and Corn in Ohio Not Promising, According to Experts.

Columbus, O., July 4.—The wheat harvest has arrived and is estimated by the state board of agriculture in its July report, just issued, at 79 per cent of an average crop. The report says:

"As indicated in the report issued by this department one month ago, the wheat prospect over the state is irregular and while in many counties the harvest almost will be an average one, in some sections of the state, particularly the northwest counties, the crop will be far below a fair average. Wheat wintered well, its condition on April 1, being estimated at 87 per cent, but in that month it was severely damaged by cold, freezing rains, and the May report showed a decline of 13 per cent, in its condition.

"In the month of May it improved slightly, while now at harvest time, the prospect is estimated at 79 per cent, compared with an average for the state as a whole. An unusually large percentage of the original area seeded to wheat, was plowed up this spring, the report showing 6.7 per cent or 166,182 acres. As the original area seeded last fall was 2,036,129 acres, this leaves 1,869,947 acres for the harvest. Many correspondents report damage by rust, while others note the ravages of insect pests; these reports, however, are not general over the state or even in immediate localities. The season has been backward, hence the harvest will be late.

"Oats show a decline of 5 per cent in prospect in the past month and the outlook is unpromising. The crop was seeded late, made a poor start and the report of damage by rust and insect pests is general. The present prospect is estimated at 76 per cent compared with the average.

"The area planted to corn for this year's harvest, shows 133,915 acres less than the area reported by the township assessors last year, due principally to the fact that it was impossible to plant much ground intended for corn, owing to wet weather.

"The crop is not advanced as far as usual at this season, and there is lack of uniformity in growth, due to irregularity in time of planting. The fields are weedy, as proper cultivation has been impossible. The present condition is estimated at 72 per cent, compared with an average.

"The estimated area planted to potatoes is reported at 110,670 acres, being 95 per cent, compared with the acreage of last year. The prospect for a good crop is encouraging being estimated at 85 per cent. Timothy hay is generally a light crop. Pastures are now in fine condition."

TO FOUND TRADE SCHOOLS

Society for Promotion of Engineering Education Acts.

Cleveland, O., July 4.—In the opinion of the Society for the Promotion of Engineering Education, trade schools in the United States are not as numerous as they should be. The society authorized the appointment of a committee on the last day of its annual meeting, to act in conjunction with the four largest scientific societies in the country to promote elementary technical education. The societies invited to join in the movement are the American Mining Institute, American Society of Chemical Industry, American Society of Mechanical Engineers, and American Society of Civil Engineers.

Charles S. Howe, of Cleveland, was elected president of the society for next year. The other officers are: First vice president, Clarence A. Waldo, Purdue; second vice president, Wm. G. Raymond, University of Iowa; secretary, Arthur L. Williston, Pratt institute; treasurer, William E. Wiley, New York; counsellors for three years: Fred W. Atkinson, Brooklyn Polytechnic; Mortimer E. Cooley, University of Michigan; William S. Franklin, Lehigh; William Kent, Syracuse; Walter B. Russell, New York Central railroad; Charles F. Scott, Westinghouse Electric company; Harold B. Smith, Worcester Polytechnic.

PASTOR DESCRIBES KISS

Worse Than All Vices Together, He Says.

Cairo, Ill., July 4.—More evil lurks in a poor little kiss than all the other vices put together, according to the Rev. L. D. Bass, of the Calvary Baptist church. In his discourse Mr. Bass said the kiss was the devil's most cherished and fruitful weapon for bringing in his harvests, and did more to fill hell than whisky, drugs and all evils invented rolled into one.

He said: "There is something wonderfully magnetic and thrilling in a kiss. When two sets of lips come together it is like two clouds charged with electricity, the one positive and the other negative. And the result is an emotional explosion and cloudburst of excessive passion and ecstasy. Nothing has more of heaven's fire or the fire of hell than a kiss. Good things perverted are the worst instrumentalities for deadly evil. And I know nothing as subtle and as damning as a burning, thrilling kiss. Great God, deliver us from the kissing devil."

THE MARKETS.

Weekly Trade Report.

New York, July 6.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade says:

"Despite the interruption of a holiday and the usual inventories and midsummer stoppage of machinery for repairs, a vast amount of business was transacted during the past week and the outlook improved still further. Settled warm weather has reduced stocks of summer fabrics at many points where congestion was threatened, and in some cases supplementary orders from wholesalers replenish depleted stocks that it was feared would be carried over to 1908.

"Mid-year dry goods clearance sales satisfactory, local jobbers selling freely to the interior where deliveries could not be secured from the mills. Sales of fire works were estimated as 20 per cent larger than last year.

"Activity has continued at most iron furnaces and steel plants, except where repairs were imperative, and the tone of the leading markets is firm. Practically no interruption to activity occurred on July 1 on account of labor controversies, wage scales being amicably arranged in most cases.

"Raw wool is firmer in tone, and it is expected the London auction sale next week will open at an advance over the previous sale. The new domestic clip comes forward on consignment, producers insisting on full prices."

New York, July 6.—Bradstreet's today says:

Continued favorable weather conditions have made for further crop development, expansion in retail trade in light summer goods, and notable stimulation of hitherto lagging reorder business. One of the most favorable developments of the week has been the improvement noted in collections at many markets, a sure sign that retail stocks are moving, though the number of cities reporting reduction sales or slow trade in sufficiently large volumes to show that trade in summer wear has not in all cases been satisfactory. The usual measures of business, such as clearings and failures, point to irregular conditions. Desire to await a clearer view of crop outturn limits future commitments, but the situation in cottons is very strong on uncertain crop outlook and a heavy sold ahead condition at the mills. The future outlook as to pig iron continues quiet and prices are easier at some markets. Premiums for spot iron have practically disappeared. A quiet, steady market is looked for until about September 1, when a new buying movement is expected to set in.

New business in finished lines is not large, but specifications are heavy. Demand for deliveries on old orders is so urgent that the annual summer shutdown of mills will be short.

Business failures in the United States for the week ending July 4 number 135, against 150 last week, 134 in the like week of 1906, 127 in 1905, 172 in 1904, and 154 in 1903. Canadian failures for this week number 16, as against 29 last week and 11 in this week a year ago.

The Grain Market.

Toledo, O., July 9.—Pressure of the new crop, lack of outside trade and bearish government report tended to force wheat down again today. News from the grain fields of the United States indicate that the bullish reports of the last month or two have been ill founded and that the yield of cereals, especially wheat and corn, will be almost if not quite normal. All depends upon the climatic conditions from now on and the nature of the fall. If the autumn is late and reasonably warm, crop experts say the yield of grains will be normal at least. Cables were decidedly bearish, Liverpool standing 1d lower at 1:30 p. m. Bartlett, Frazier & Co., Rankin and Wrenn sold wheat during the early part of the session. The bear side was also helped by scalpers. Wrenn sold 300,000 bushels before the noon hour. Cash and July lost ½c in opening at 93½c. September started the day ½c down, at 95¼c, later dropping ¼c. December opened 1c lower at 98, but gained back ¼c of the loss during the early hours.

Influential buying and unfavorable advices from Belgium resulted in a substantial upturn that brought the market practically up to the opening quotations. Bartlett & Frazier and Brosseau were the leading buyers. Liverpool closed 1¼d to 1¾d lower. The local closes were: Cash and July 94½c, September 96¼c, December 99¾c.

With the exception of the May option, corn was even with yesterday's finals by the noon hour. Crop conditions, especially from Kansas, Indiana and Missouri were reported favorable. Liverpool at 1:30 p. m. was ¼d lower. Corn was given a showing of strength from buying by bulls. From Wabash, Ind., a report was received that corn was looking better than at the same time last year. Cash and July at the noon hour were unchanged at 56c. September was unchanged at 56⅝c. A loss of ⅛c was registered against the December option, but the price ascended to 53¾c, yesterday's close, at the noon hour. Opening ¼c down, at 54¼c, May sank back to 54c during the initial hour.

It was generally believed that Comstock bought his corn back today and that Patton picked up considerable maize through commission houses and brokers. Fairly good corn reports were received from Belleville, Kan. Liverpool closed ¼c lower. The quotations at the end of the session were: Cash 56c, July 56c, September 56¾c, December 53¼c, May 54⅝c.

Favorable advices on oats came from Wabash, Ind. The heads are filling out well, it is said. In Kansas, the situation is still rather critical. A number of experts predict a half a crop. Cash and July were ½c down, at 46c. September lost ⅝c in opening at 39c, while December, at 39⅜c, was ¼c off. May began the day ⅜c off at 42c, but soon after the opening went up to 42¼c.

The decrease in the visible supply exceeded that of last year, but was slightly less than a week ago. Oats closed as follows: Cash 45½c, July 45½c, September 39⅞c, December 40⅝c, May 42⅝c.

With the exception of a drop of 5c in October, clover seed was unchanged. Cash opened at $9.35, October at $8.50 and December and March at $8.35. October dropped to $8.45 during the early hours.

Closes in clover seed were: Cash $9.35, October $8.52½, December $8.37½, March $8.37½.

TOLEDO.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close—July 9.	Close—July 8.
Wheat—					
Cash	93½	....	....	94½	94
July	93½	....	93¼	94½	94
Sept.	95¼	....	94⅞	96¼	95⅝
Dec.	98	99⅜	....	99⅝	99
Corn—					
Cash	56	....	....	56	56
July	56½	....	....	56	56
Sept.	56½	56⅞	....	56¾	56½
Dec.	53¼	....	53⅛	53¾	53⅝
May	54¼	54⅝	54	54⅜	54½
Oats—					
Cash	45	....	....	45½	45¼
July	45	....	....	45½	45½
Sept.	39	....	....	39⅝	39¼
Dec.	39¾	40⅜	....	40⅝	40
May	42	....	....	42⅝	42⅜
Clover Seed—					
Cash	9.35	....	....	9.35	9.35
Oct.	8.50	....	....	8.52½	8.50
Dec.	8.35	....	....	8.37½	8.35
March	8.35	....	....	8.37½	8.35
Rye—					
No. 1	....	....	....	81½	81¼
No. 2	....	....	....	80	80
No. 3	....	....	....	77	77
Alsike—					
Prime	....	....	....	8.00	8.00

CHICAGO.

Wheat—					
July	91¾	....	91¼	92⅜	92¼
Sept.	95¼	96¼	94⅜	96	95⅜
Dec.	98¾	99⅝	97⅞	99⅝	98⅜
May	1.02½	1.03	1.01⅜	1.02⅜	1.02¼
Corn—					
July	54	54⅝	....	54¼	54½
Sept.	54⅞	55¼	54¾	54⅞	55
Dec.	53	53⅝	52⅝	53¼	53½
May	54¼	54⅝	54	54⅜	54½
Oats—					
July	43¼	43⅞	....	43⅜	43⅜
Sept.	39¼	39⅞	38⅞	39⅜	39¼
Dec.	39⅜	....	....	40¾	40¼
May	42	43	41⅞	42⅝	42⅜

NEW YORK.

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